MORE FRUIT

FROM THE

Same PANNIER;

OR,

ADDITIONAL REMARKS

ON THE

HISTORY

OF

MANCHESTER.

To point out miſtakes is a juſtice due to History and my ſelf.

HIST. of MAN. Pa. 464.

Let the Public examine freely, compare candidly, and judge impartially, that Truth may triumph. IB.

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PREFACE

To be read, *or* ſkipped over *by the* READER.

OBSERVING that none of my friends or acquaintance have given me the leaſt hint that I had been too rude and blunt in my firſt remarks on the Mancunion Antiquary (except a ſhake of the head from a Bookſeller, and a ſquib thrown at me by a Penſioner and Placeman) and the ſale exceeding my expectations, it determined me to add a few more remarks which ſome friends whiſpered me, I had too careleſly omitted; tho' they deſerve a fillup on the noſe full as well as any I had remarked on, merited a rap on the knuckles.

I hinted in my former Remarks, that it plainly appeared our Author thought he had laid the world, and eſpecially the Antiquarian part of it, under great obligations; and I think no one ſhould deny him a ſmall penſion of praiſe for endeavouring to pleaſe them; more eſpecially as ſome parts are commendable, notwithſtanding his arrows may not always hit the mark: for he has given ſuch a looſe to his fiery genius, as ſeems inconſiſtent with the gravity

gravity and exactneſs of an Hiſtorian, and taken a reſolution to ride a gallop over every obſcurity and leave all doubts and heſitations behind him, without the leaſt diffidence of his capacity or the fountains of his information. He relates and decides with a dogmatical aſſurance, and appears certain that every reader will admit his IPSE DIXIT with implicit confidence of their truth, and without the leaſt remark or examination. But the world has more eyes than he ſeems to think it has; and to pleaſe this ſquinting Centoculi, an author who pretends to write books of value and conſequence, ſhould not write at random, but be careful what he writes. If he advance any thing new, his reaſons ſhould be forcible and adequate to the thing advanced. He ought not to depreciate and commend the ſame author with the ſame breath; or ſet him up for an oracle in one page, and ſhew him ridiculouſly falſe and abſurd in the next. He ought to be conſiſtent with himſelf, ſo that what he affirms in this line, ſhould not contradict what he had aſſerted before in others. He ought not to broach new doctrines and ſuch as run counter to all former writers, and pretend to ſupport them with weak and dubious authorities, or the ſlender tottering reeds of his own fancy; and make theſe his private opinions the ſole rule and ſtandard for the reſt of mankind; but allow the ſame liberty he takes; a

power

power to think for themſelves.

This Author ſeems to be of a quite different diſpoſition to that ancient Philoſopher, who read his works to the old woman who ſwept his houſe and made his pottage: or Longinus, who inſi ted that his friend Terentianus ſhould reviſe his work on the ſublime: for he thinks his genius ſo all-ſufficient, that, as I hear, he thruſt this hopeful child on the public without ſo much as one of his friends peruſing it; turned it into the world without a godfather to take care it ſhould not turn heretic either in Hiſtory or Antiquarianiſm. Its very backſide was ſo beautiful, he ſcorned to make uſe of a taylor for its breeches: perhaps the Bookſeller will be the firſt to tell him the contrary-----with---- I have them all ſtill.

When I began theſe remarks, I could not but think ſuch a dogmatical writer deſerved little or no candour, but jumped directly into his own notion in Page 464, where ſpeaking of the miſtakes of the HEAVY Mr. *Carte*, and the SUPERFICIAL Mr. *Hume* (as he calls them) he ſays, "To point out miſtakes is a juſtice due to Hiſtory and myſelf." From this I concluded, that to come at truth I muſt be obliged to uſe contradiction in many articles; and buffet many more with Irony and Ridicule. I find no pleaſure in theſe: but if an Æſop ſets up for

a beau, 'ſquire Morgan for a wit, or N---h and G----n for patriots, do they not ſet themſelves as marks to be ſhot at? If there be no pleaſure in irony or contradiction, yet there is a pleaſing ſatisfaction in vindicating ſome, and undeceiving others: and 'tis poſſible theſe remarks will ſerve as a guide-poſt to keep ſome from impoſition, and others from following will-with-a-wiſp into pits and quagmires.

I know my expreſſions are rugged; but what have ſmooth and poliſhed periods to do in this caſe? 'tis better to be ſevere and a little uſeful by pointing out truth from error, than to be politely engaging and of no uſe at all. And I think ruſtic honeſty with this author, is preferable to any flattery or formal complaiſance I could have ſhewn him. If theſe ſhort obſervations will but ſtand, as a ſcare-crow in a corn-field, and keep rooks and daws from plundering, and impoſition; I have my end.

FAREWEL.

Additi-

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE HISTORY of MANCHESTER.

I Shall refer the reader to my prior remarks for a few obervations on the oſtentatious Preface, and only obſerve ſome particulars in this hopeful work which my then intended brevity cauſed me to omit: ſtill leaving a good and ample foundation for a ſtructure of any ſize to be raiſed by ſome more judicious remarker who may think it worth his while to follow me; the which I ſtill hope to ſee, and go to page 20th, where, ſpeaking of the ſite of the old Britiſh Mancenion, he ſays, "A gentle declivity to the ſouth would give "the Britons the WHOLE UNDIMINSHED REFLEC- Page "TED WARMTH OF OUR BRITISH SUNS." 20.

Whole and undiminiſhed too! High-flown Engliſh indeed!——Here my infantine knowledge of our mother-tongue ſtares me in the face. O that I had Johnſon's or ſome other wit-diſpenſing Dictionary!——Vain wiſh:—— For nothing leſs than an Oedipus, or an Oracle can anſwer the following queſtion;

Is a whole Apple an Apple before any part is taken from it?

"Reflected warmth of our Britiſh Suns!—— This is alſo above my capacity——for alas, my ſight is ſo weak and dazzled with the glare of

theſe

theſe Suns, that I cannot ſee from what body or medium their hot rays were reflected upon the primæval Britons———humph——, now I have it; as I think: for theſe Suns ſhot their rays reciprocally in one another's faces, till at laſt by reflection, they darted on the heads of the old Britons: for we do not find that the moon and all the other planets to help her (tho' aſſiſted by the beſt burning-glaſſes) are able to melt butter.

In the ſame page he goes on, "And the extraordinary aſpect of its weſtern termination, "ſo much more formidable than that of the "Roman ditches DOES OF ITSELF BESPEAK the "whole to be Britiſh."

It is ſomething extraordinary, that the Romans ſhould conquer the Lancaſhire Siſtuntians ſo very eaſily, when theſe laſt ſo far excelled the former in the art of Fortification, that there was no compariſon of a Roman fortreſs with his Britiſh Mancenion. Yet this formidable fortreſs, which he tells us "had ſo ſteep "and ſcarped a Mound on the Medlock; he "could alſo ſee by the marks of the pick-axes, "that the ſcarping was Britiſh, p. 22. a riſing "eminence for its bank; and a broad extent of "a ditch," could not ſo much as give a ſtop to the Romans. For he makes his bold Lancaſhire Siſtuntians ſuch daſtardly cowards, that they gave up all their fortreſſes in the woods; their impregnable Mancenion; and ſome of their chiefs for hoſtages, without a battle, a ſkirmiſh, or ſally from the fortreſs; whilſt on other occaſions he is ſo particular and prolix in mere trifles. But a reader with half an eye, cannnot miſs obſerving by what ſlender threads of conſiſtency and probability this whole account

of

of his Mancenion hangs together; and that his oſtentatious deſcription of this fortreſs and its ſite, ſprings chiefly from the overflowings of his own fancy.

" The ſouthern bank ALL AT ONCE falls away " in a long ſlope towards the north." Page 21.

This is a chip of the ſame block with that in page 227, where he tells us " the hair of the Britons was long, buſhy, and fell down in a long wreath behind:" and here the bank falls away all at once, in a long ſlope!

Has not our author given us here a ſpecimen that his fancy can ſtretch a little beyond poſibility; and can infallibly make an oblique, or ſlope line the ſame with a perpendicular?

" And the human conſtitution as ſuch, muſt " have naturally affected a Southerly poſition " in the cold, bleak, and wooded ſtate of our " iſland at that period." 38.

This is another inſtance of this author's inconſiſtency: for here the word BLEAK means cold, plain, windy or chilly: but in p. 343 he tells us " it means the deep gloom of a conſi- " derable wood." Does not this with many more ſuch inſtances demonſtrate the infatuated idea he has of his own abilities! Nay he ſeems to think his readers are obliged to believe him both ways, when he firſt affirms a Crow to be a Magpye, but before we can ſay----humph---- at the aſſertion, the magpye is a crow again!--- Thus a glowing Heater and a lump of Ice are ſynonymous terms with our Antiquary.

" Abut 50 years ago was thrown up by the " Plough, a large ſword of iron in good conſer- " vation. This curioſity is undoubtedly Roman." 51.

I allow this ſword a large two-handed one; but not a Roman ſword: and I preſume who-

ever thinks it worth his while to examine it, will be of my opinion, for the following reaſons. Tho' it might be found in a dry and gravelly ſoil; yet, as the blade and the handle were ſo little ruſted when I ſaw it (1771) that it could not, by the nature of things, have lain one third of the time ſince the Romans left this iſland. Then again, the ſoft wood of the handle appeared ſound. and very little diſcoloured; nay, the leathern-thongs which are plaited round and bind on the wood at the extremities of the handle, appeared to be little decayed or corroded by time: ſo that conſidering the iron, the wood and the leather, it is every whit as probable that it was Guy of Warwick's ſword, with which he killed the dun cow, as that it was ever ſeen, or came in the hands of a Roman. In ſhort, it is very probable, that it is no older than the middle of the ſeventeenth century, and was a two-handed weapon in that fanatical war (for they were true fanatics on both ſides) where arbitrary power, preogative, and prieſt-craft on one ſide; and liberty and property on the other, lugged one another by the ears: and the ambition of Church and State, pulled an old ſteeple on their own heads; and many think to this day, not undeſervedly.

Page 54. "The Itinera which Richard has preſented to "us ALL OBVIOUSLY UNITE to form one entire "Itinerary. No ſingle part ſtands forth of a "different texture from the reſt. One uniform "colour plainly tinctures over the whole."

What reader that ſees this character of Richard's Itinerary, but muſt believe that his Reverence thought it the moſt perfect work that man could produce? Yet for all this abſolute perfection, in the notes to this ſection, page

p. 58. his Reverence tells us, " that in the firſt " the third, the fourth, and the eleventh " Itinera, there is plainly ſeen the interloping " hand of the monk." and mentions the diſſonant parts with an *&c.* after them; which may include 400 more cobbling blunders of this his moſt infallible author.

Now ſuppoſing, for argument's ſake, that this work of Richard's was genuine; it is no eaſy matter to give reaſons how Mr BERTRAM's and Dr. STUKELY's editions of this work ſhould ſo materially, and ſo often vary; as the Doctor's was printed from a tranſcript ſent him by Bertram: but this laſt ſeems to have the beſt plea for truth, as Bertram's modeſty left blanks where he could not, or would not fill them up: but the poſitive Doctor made no baulks at a blank; his pregnant fancy filled them up without heſitation. Witneſs the following examples, given by our author in his appendix.

Pa. 18. Icianos has only a vacancy in Bertram but inſerted by Stukely.

22. Doctor Stukely gives the numerals m. p. 70 which Mr Bertram omitted,

24. Dr Stukely by a ſtrange miſtake, reads AD TINES inſtead of AD FINES, and therefore idly fixes the ſtation upon the North Tyne, inſtead of the Tweed.

34. Stukely fills up with theſe numerals m. p. 27, the blank in Bertram's edition.

38. The names of theſe two ſtations BREMENIUM, and BRANNOGENIUM are taken from Stukely. *Only blanks appear in* Bertram.

46. The name Præſidium and the number 7 oppoſite Croco Colana, are taken from Stukeley's copy.

48. Theſe numerals m. p. 10. are taken from

D. S. a large blank being left by Bertram.

56. The numerals m. p. 30. anſwering AD FINES, do not appear in Bertram.*

But let us proceed a little further, to ſhew what method his Reverence takes to prove this famous Monk's infalibility. In p. 59. he ſays. "Richard the learned ſcholar and deep anti-"quarian I found ſunk into an ignorant novice. "Deprived of his Roman aids, Richard ſhewed "himſelf to be as ignorant and injudicious as "any of illiterate cotemporaries about him."

Had his Reverence forgot what he had affirmed in the 54th p.? for there he ſays "All the "embodied Antiquarians of the fourteen and "and the three ſucceeding centuries, could "not have forged ſo learned a detail of Roman "Antiquities.

But ſtill he contradicts this again, for in his 256 p. he ſays "that both Dio and Richard are "inconſiſtent and miſtaken."

Again in p. 58. Richard's map of Roman Britain is of little value; it is frequently inaccurate: it contradicts his own Itinerary.

In p. 100. he tells us. "That the diſtance "from Mancunion to Condate is fixed by the "6th Iter of Richard, at 36 miles; but in the "10th at 23. and makes a remarkable inſertion "of a ſtation betwixt the one and the other at "18 miles from both, and at the bounderies of "the two provinces Flavia and Maxima. But "certain

* And in our author's 430 page, where he is buſy peopling Ireland with no leſs than eighteen tribes, chiefly from Richard's account and map, and the poems of Oſſian; one of which tribes were the northern Scots (a nation, as he ſays, that had engaged for 150 years, two WHOLE NATIONS of ANTIQUARIANS in war) he tells us, Stukely had copied ſeven miſtakes from Richard, and added many more which he there mentions.

" certain as we are concerning the courſe of the " road, the very mention of theſe bounds ſhews " the number of miles to be greatly erroneous."

Alſo in p. 135 he ſays, " Richard was quite " miſtaken in thinking the river Merſey to be " the æſtuary Seteia of Ptolomy, and his map " is alſo wrong in this point."

Again in p. 392, ſpeaking of the Caſſiteris Silures, or Scilly Iſlands, he ſays, " What Solinus " has ſaid concerning the Silura or chief of " them, Richard has ſtrangely applied to the " Silures of Wales, he being deceived by the " likeneſs of names."

And in p. 463, he tells us, " Richard in his 28 p. places the Mœate in Valentia, whom I have ſhewn to have inhabited Veſpaſiana.

In the 50 p. his Reverence ſays, Richard calls Diviaticus the king of the Ædui, when he was king of Sueſſones.

In p. 52. he finds fault with Richard for calling London a colony in the days of Boadicia, when Tacitus expreſsly declares it not to have been a Colony: and alſo for his ſaying that Agricola ſubdued the the Orcades; when as Solinus tells us (c. 22) they were not then inhabited.

And laſtly, in his 448 p. he tells the reader that Richard's map of Ireland has ſome inaccuracies in it. And Dr. Stukeley's copy has more.

Now, good and patient reader, judge thou if this Weſtminſter monk was not almoſt as infallibly fallible, as our Mancheſter hiſtorian? And tell me if all the embodied Antiquarians of the fourteen and three ſucceeding centuries, could not have forged or matched this miraculous work?----Do all things OBVIOUSLY UNITE in this one entire Itinerary? Does no ſingle part

part ſtand forth of a different texture from the reſt? Or does one uniform colour PLAINLY tincture over the whole?

Thus I have produced ſome of the many contradictions that ſtare in the face of the moſt common readers, on this prime ſubject of Richard's Itineray. Can we call our Mancunion hiſtorian's way of writing by any other name than either ſtupidity or infatuation? And does not this author when we think we have faſt hold of him glide away like an eel, and leave us defiled with the mud and ſlime of ſelf-contradiction, and the ſtench of conceited infalibility.

Page 56. "Inverneſs as at the utmoſt bounds of the Roman Empire, is the moſt northerly point of acceſſable ground in Scotland, and where Ptolomy or ſome of the Roman officers made their aſtronomical obſervations."

To this affirmation I ſhall only aſk a queſtion, Where were thoſe parts that now conſtitute the counties of Sutherland, Strathnaver, and Caithneſs, in the time of the Romans? For part of theſe counties lie north of Inverneſs; and it ſeems very probable that they were acceſſible to the Romans, as they are at preſent to the modern Caledonians: and that they are acceſſible at this time, is probable for one particular reaſon——there were cities, towns, and villages in them about a fortnight ago.

95. "To ſettle the particular poſition of Condate hath long embarraſſed the Antiquarian critics. Settled originally at Congleton becauſe of ſome remaining ſameneſs in the name; that only guide in the infancy of Antiquarian learning."

Here we ſee with what a deſpicable eye he looks upon this old-faſhioned rule of ſimilarity of names practiced by all former INFANT ANTIQUA-

TIQUARIANS:----what a futile argument it was and how wide they ſhot from the mark in thinking Congleton was the old Condate, becauſe there was ſome ſameneſs in the name.

This brings to view another piece of our author's inconſiſtency, and the treacherouſneſs of his memory. Four pages further, (99) he tells us, "The name of Condate is PRETTY LOUDLY ECHOED in the name of Kinderton."

Huſh——good reader——— ——be as ſtill as a mouſe——, So; now help me a little———— Reader, do thou ſhout CONDATE

Reader

CON---- ----DA---- ----TE----

Echo

KIN——— ———DER———-———TON——

Is not this ſimilarity, and harmony in perfection, and ſweetly anſwered by madam echo?--- Now for't again———Bawl aloud the ſame word

Reader

CON---- ----DA---- ----TE----

Echo

CON——— ———GLE——— ———TON——

Humph——— —— Lady echo's pipe is out of tune; ſhe's certainly tired, or in a croſs temper and too ſurly to ſpeak——— ——here's ſome little ſameneſs; but nothing to the purpoſe: but in CONDATE and KINDERTON there is as much uniſon, harmony, and ſameneſs of ſounds echoed forth as TACHY and RACHEL, GRAMMAR and GRAMMATICA; Richard and DICK (ſee p. 106) and theſe are as ſimilar to the ear as two Beans are to the eye; i. e. to one who can think as he will, and cares not what he ſays: who can make echo anſwer SPARROW-BILLS after a hoarſe voice that has croaked PLUM-PUDDING.

Here we ſee that tho' this author deſpiſes

thoſe

thoſe who judge of Britiſh towns, and Roman ſtations from the ſimilarity of names and calls it, "the only guide in the infancy of Antiquarian learning;" yet we ſee that when he wants it he eagerly mounts, and rides this old-faſhioned guide; this paultry hobby-horſe, himſelf, without the leaſt ſcruple or hefitation whatſoever.

Again, in p. 156, he has theſe words, "The "certainty of a ſtation at Warrington, and the "great ſimilarity of the name of Veratinum to "it, form together a ſufficient evidence that the "former is meant by the latter." Thus he mounts and gallops this deſpicable hobby-horſe again, but cannot endure that another ſhould ride a foot's pace. But inconſiſtency, and ſelf-contradiction are no blots in his Reverence's 'ſcutcheon, and the reaſon is obvious; a true bred Antiquary cannot err.

Page 98. In this page he tells the reader, "that the "Roman road from Mancunium to Condate "leaves the ſandy waſte of Rudheath a little "diſtant on the left, and Newton near Middle-"wich leſs diſtant on the right, the Kind-ſtreet "paſſes thro' Ravenſcroft into Kinderton."

Tho I have two maps of Cheſhire, yet I have not ſeen a good one: this point then cannot be elucidated as I could wiſh. However, let us take old Speed (as coming neareſt the truth) for want of a better; by which it will be very diverting to the inquiſitive reader, to ſee how this author makes this Roman road to leave Ravenſcroft (about half a mile from Kinderton) on the left hand; carries it to Newton above a mile and a half further; then brings it cloſe by Kinderton back again to Ravenſcroft; and then drops it into Kinderton at laſt.

Query,

Query, did not this Roman road, and its guide too, loſe their way?

In this page he ends the Roman road, which he has traced from Mancunium to Coccium, but as all former Antiquaries blundered as to the particular ſite of it, he tells us, "The town, as it "ſeems, having been very early deſtroyed, the "traces of its antient dignity are *almoſt* ENTIRE-"LY eraſed, and exiſt only at preſent in the faint "retroſpect of traditionary hiſtory, and in the "vague generalities of a winter's tale. The "town, as it ſeems, having been entirely demo-"liſhed, and afterwards built upon a different "ſite, almoſt all the veſtiges of its Roman "maſters have been long obliterated by the "hand of time, and even the very exiſtence of "them forgotten in the chronicles of tradition." Page 110.

Let us try to ſqueeze this prolix deſcription into a little leſs compaſs.

The town was early deſtroyed; the traces of it ALMOST ENTIRELY eraſed; the tradition of it vague like a winter's tale; the ſite removed and its Roman maſters forgotten even by tradition!

In the very next page, he ſays (when abbreviated) "going on we come to the river Doug-"las, at the bottom of a brow going to Preſton, "near the extremities of which, TRADITION has "erected the original Blackrod."

Again, in the 116 p. he ſays, "the diſtance, "the ſite, the TRADITION, and the remains, all "agree to carry it to the banks of the Douglas."

Here again;——in the firſt place it may be obſerved, that his Reverence finds madam Tradition aſleep——"for the very exiſtence of the veſtiges of the town were forgotten even in the chronicles of Tradition." She was here ſnoring in an eaſy-chair, and conſequently dumb, that

his ſagacity may appear more conſpicuous, and his exquiſite ſcent extolled for its hunting out a Roman ſtation where there was none.

In the next place, when he wants his foſter-nurſe Tradition, he gives her drowſy ladyſhip a jog or two on the elbow, and makes her ſtart up, to make affidavit to whatever he is pleaſed to advance, "For the diſtance, the ſite, Tra-"dition, and the REMAINS, all agree that the "town ſtood on the banks of the Douglas."

Does not his Reverence, here again, play at JACK-O'-LENT with his readers? Does he not metamorphoſe us into children, and make us to graſp at the reflection of the ſun, which, with a Mirror, he makes to dance round us; and when we think to catch the bright appearance, ——whip——its on the cieling!

The Setantian Port of Ptolomy (in the river Ribble) he ſays, "is placed in 57. 45. North
Page "Latitude: Rerigonium in 57. 30. and the
113. "mouth of the Merſey 57. 20."

Now as theſe three Latitudes coincide one with another, there cannot be a miſtake in the Printer or in the Author in uſing one figure inſtead of another: ſo that it is a matter of wonder to me that his Reverence can ſay they neceſſarily confine us to the ſouthern parts of Lancaſhire! How can he make, or even overlook ſuch egregious blunders without noticing and correcting them? Or believe Ptolomy, or infalliable Richard to help him, when he ſays the before-mentioned places were in their reſpective latitudes here aſſigned them; when they would throw the mouth of the Merſey 80 miles, Rerigonium 90, and the Ribble above 100 miles north of Edinburgh; or about 14 north of Inverneſs, or into that country which

our

author tells us was inacceſſible to the Romans. Yet for all this, his Reverence can boldly affirm theſe latitudes neceſſarily confine us to the ſouthern parts of Lancaſhire, when the leaſt ſkill in geography will demonſtrate that Hawkſhead the moſt northern town of this county, doth not exceed 54, 30.

By this it appears, his Reverence is no better a geographer than a chronologiſt; and is another proof what true-bred antiquaries can ſay when they have baniſhed truth, and ſent ſhame a begging.

"From the ÆSTUARY of Sabriana (or Severn) "the coaſt goes directly to the weſt for 180 "miles &c." Page 123.

It is very diverting to examine his Reverence's geographical deſcriptions. Let us ſuppoſe here that he reckons this Æſtuary to begin at the moſt ſouth-eaſterly point of Glamorganſhire in the Briſtol channel; it is not 100 miles from thence to St. David's head; ſo that the other 80 weſtward would carry him over St. George's channel, and beyond Wexford in Ireland: by this it appears, that antiquaries, like beggars, can never be out of their way.

"From Brachypult-point, in 80 miles more "to the north, the geographer goes 150 to the "eaſt."

Bravely done geographer!---By this Ptolomy with his Reverence behind him, muſt ride the ſhip thro' the air, like witches, on a greaſed broom ſtick; otherwiſe they muſt carry the ſhip on their ſhoulders, over the Welſh hills, and thro' the counties of Carnarvonſhire, Merioneth, and Denbyſhire; over Shropſhire, Stafford, Derby, and into Nottinghamſhire: which feat, Ptolomy, or his Reverence either, never performed

performed: tho' I confeſs the bounds of infallability are very large.

Page 127. & 128. "The great difference which now appears in "the flow of the tide (up the Ribble) could "never have been occaſioned by the preſſure "of the interior Ocean (St. George's channel) "and by the gradual ſettlement of the ſands at "the mouth of the river. Had the difference "been thus occaſioned, the Merſey upon one "ſide, and the Lune upon the other, MUST have "partaken of the ſame fate, and have been "blocked up with the ſame ſands. IT MUST "have been produced by a cauſe as partial as "the effects appear to be. And TRADITION "which hiſtory has overlooked or forgotten, "ſpeaks confidently of ſuch a cauſe: aſcribing "the final ruin of Ribcheſter to an earthquake; "confined like its cauſe *to the ſtream of the* "*Ribble.*"

This quotation the reader may perceive is ſtill round about, tho' I have lopped off ſome of its moſt luxuriant branches: he may alſo ſee plainly that our author is not in a humour to reliſh and adopt the moſt probable and rational cauſes why the mouth of the Ribble is choaked up; and he gives this reaſon, "becauſe the "Merſey on the one ſide, and the Lune on the "other MUST have partaken the ſame fate."

But, Reverend ſir, were there the ſame reaſons for the mouths of the Merſey and the Lune to be blocked up with that of the Ribble? Were there one hundredth part of the crumblings and devaſtations on their banks, as there were on the high and looſe banks of the Ribble? But an antiquary can never be at a loſs to prove any whims, whilſt he can command Tradition to raiſe an earthquake to help him out at

at a dead lift; and ſuch earthquakes too as are confined to the particular ſtream of one brook, and by ſuch Tradition as hiſtory itſelf had overlooked and forgotten. This muſt be a queer earthquake indeed! For tho' it made ſuch violent havock and devaſtations in the channel of the Ribble, it was ſo quiet and harmleſs every elſe that it could not, or would not roll an egg off a table at a rood's diſtance from the banks of it: ſo that the old nurſe Tradition having hop-ſhackled it ſo cloſe, that the Merſey and the Lune were ſafe enough from being diſturbed by its tremulous and violent motions.

Thus we ſee what ſtrange feats our antiquary can perform, with the aſſiſtance of a traditional earthquake juſt ferreted out of its ſleeping abodes! But let us ſift this argument through a little finer ſieve.

"The difference of the flow of the tide into "this æſtuary (ſays he) could not have been "occaſioned by the preſſure of the interior "ocean."

This is profoundly deep; and muſt be granted him by all philoſophers! But if not the preſſure of the interior Ocean, the non-preſſure of it might be one cauſe of beds of gravel and ſand lodging in its channel: for it is rational to ſuppoſe that the preſſure of more water; one wave urging on another, or a few feet of higher tides would have opened this watercourſe, and carried both ſand and gravel into the ſea.

In his 388 page, he has theſe words, "In "Kent the ſea has retreated from the ſhore of "Sandwich; has ſunk the æſtuary of Solinus "(this was barbarouſly done of the ſea, thus to "ſink one of its own arms) into an inſignificant "current; and has converted the fine harbour

"of

" of Rhutupœ where the Roman fleet was re-
" gularly laid up, into an expanſe of rich paſ-
" tures, and a valley watered with a rivulet."
Was not this port of Rhutupœ barred up for want of the preſſure of the ſea?

Again, " In Lincolnſhire the ſea has added
" ground and ſhrunk from its original boun-
" daries, and left many thouſands of acres betwixt
" the old bank of its waters and the preſent
" margin of its ſhore; and in Lancaſhire the
" ſands which originally formed the beach of
" the ſea, and were originally covered every
" tide with its waters, are now regularly in-
" habited."

Does not his Reverence prove here, that this port of Rhutupœ and this land in Lancaſhire, was gained for want of the preſſure of the ſea? And were not theſe things as incomprehenſible as the ſand-banks lodged in the mouth of Ribble? Yet all was done without the help of a channel-earthquake, which hiſtory had overlooked and forgotten, which our author rouzed up here on purpoſe to throw up a few ſand-banks.

Tho it is granted that the preſſure of the interior Ocean could not ſtop the mouth of the Ribble, yet we will endeavour to prove that the gradual ſettlement of gravel and ſand was the principal cauſe of this obſtruction, tho' his reverence will not have it ſo: and this we will attempt to do, by making our author's arguments to buffet and undermine one another, and then (as uſual) blow themſelves into the air.

In page 130. he ſays, " The Neb of the
" Neſe has been long waſhed away: the weſtern
" horn has certainly no Neb exiſting at preſent:
" and this equally appears from the ravages the

water

" water has here made upon the banks. That
" conſpicuous point which is ſtill denominated
" the Neb of the Neſe, for it is ſtill here tho'
" it went down the river hundreds of years
" ago, has loſt nearly two acres of ground with-
" in 40 years; and from the broken and moul-
" dering condition of the bank both on the
" eaſt and ſouth appears to be loſing every
" day. As the Roman ſtation therefore muſt
" have been upon the extremity of this pro-
" montory, the ſite of it and its remains muſt
" have long melted into the channel below."
And in page 131, " Great, ſays he, have been
" the encroachments which the *Ribble* has made
" upon the bank of the town within theſe 60
" years only: and one whole ſtreet of houſes,
" and a range of orchards and gardens have
" been carried away by the ſtream. The
" earth daily crumbles and falls away into the
" channel: and the Church itſelf, raiſed as it
" is upon a lofty bank, and placed at a little
" diſtance from the margin of it, is likely to
" be ſwept away in 60 years more."

Again, in p. 133. " This Rerigonium; this
" Caer of the Britons, and the Caſtrum of the
" Romans, muſt have been totally carried away
" and the *viſible* and *inviſible* remains of both
" have been equally buried."

This is ſtrange!——very hard indeed!——
That thoſe parts of this Caer, and this Caſtrum
that remain and are viſible, are abſolutely bu-
ried and gone, equally with thoſe ſwept away
by time and inviſible!——O time!——O anti-
quarianiſm! What dreadful havock do you
make among poor, old, innocent ruins!

The laſt quotation I ſhall produce from our
author on this ſubject, is in page 134; his words
are

are, "About this part of the river in general "(i. e. below Ribcheſter) whole pillars, broken "capitals and vaſes, and Roman coins, and Ro-"man inſcriptions have frequently been diſco-"vered within the channel."

Now it is all theſe waſhings and meltings, theſe ravages, devaſtations, and encroachments, upon the broad, high and looſe banks of this river here mentioned from our hiſtorian, I take to be a great and ſufficient cauſe of the ſhoals and preſent ſand-banks which lie in the mouth of this æſtuary; and that the ſea in high ſpring tides brought up the looſe ſand, which abounds on the coaſt for near 30 miles north and ſouth of this river completely finiſhed, and left them in their preſent ſtate.

Thus I have finiſhed this gravelly point, but will leave the reader to judge for himſelf, and either take the reaſons here ſpecified, as the moſt natural cauſes of theſe gravelly and ſandy beds, or the cloſely fettered earthquake of the Antiquary.

As to the ſeeming retreat of the ſea from ſome coaſts, I preſume that was never a matter of fact, in the ſenſe it is generally taken; but that the coaſts of Lincolnſhire, Kent, Lancaſhire, *&c.* are raiſed by the weeds, ſands, *&c.* which the ſea in high tides throws upon ſuch low beaches; and by the vegetables, ſand, gravel, and loam, brought down by floods and rivers in length of time from the mountainous parts, and high grounds in their reſpective countries.

Now were it poſſible for me to have the vanity to think, that theſe my ſkimming remarks would ever attain the honour (tho' as a livery ſervant) of attending this noble Mancunion hiſtory

hiſtory, then would I never grudge the pains I have taken in giving it ſo many monitorial jogs on the elbow, with this whiſper,——— Have a care———.

However, as deſpair is the characteriſtic of a cowardly diſpoſition, I will baniſh that, cheriſh hope, and proceed to a new-found Roman road, which his Reverence tells us "Goes from "Cambodunum, ſtretches viſibly over Stain- "land-moor, paſſes through the townſhips of "Barkiſland and Riſhworth, croſſes the Devil's "Cauſeway (on Bleakſtone-edge) and the Ro- "man road from Mancheſter to Ilkley, and "*muſt* therefore have ASSUREDLY terminated "at Coln." Page 134.

This account is poſitive, and plain as a pike-ſtaff, and the places here mentioned I have ſeen; but muſt confeſs my antiquarian faculties were too weak, to perceive the leaſt veſtige of a Roman road that went over any of the places here mentioned. That it did not come over the hills in Riſhworth and croſs the oid high-way over Bleakſtone-edge, (which it muſt do if it had exiſted) at the Devil's Cauſeway is certain: this, I think, no one would diſpute on viewing the hill on the ſide of *Riſhworth*, and the great hill of Bleakſtone-edge, whoſe ſummit divides the two counties of York and Lancaſter, with the great and deep Glen that divides it from *Riſhworth*. Then again, the tops of many of theſe hills over which this road muſt neceſſarily paſs had it pointed this way, are in many places ſo very moſſy, boggy, or quaggy, that the black ſpungy ſurface will ſhake a rood or more round a man, and is entirely impaſſable for a horſe. So there is not the leaſt probability that ever any Britiſh, Roman

or Engliſh road ever went that way.

But to make this point inconteſtable: had a Roman road taken this courſe, it was impoſſible but it muſt have been interſected or cut thro' in 176 on making that excellent and beautiful way, now called the new road, and which the Romans never excelled for the length of it. I ſay this Roman road muſt have been cut thro' and diſcovered, as on performing it, the ſoft turf or black earth was cut to the very bottom all the way over, which was ſometimes rock, gravel, or hard blue clay mixed with ſtone: and the moſſy turf was in ſome places twelve feet deep; being all or the moſt of it waſhed away by means of artificial reſervoirs of water, which when opened, ſwept it into the rivers of Yorkſhire and Lancaſhire, which falls into the eaſt and weſt ſeas. Yet for all this, neither gravelly road, ſtone pavement, or any other veſtige of any road appeared.

Beſides, what coroborates the notion that no Roman road ever went this way, is, that their roads generally paſſed in ſtraight lines to their deſtined endings; but this ſuppoſed road from this new-found Camulodunum (or the old one either) muſt ſtrike directy weſt to come at Bleakſtone edge; but Colne lies north-weſt; ſo that this courſe would not only be the worſt way, but near one mile at three about.

The old Romans never underſtood, or at leaſt practiſed ſo good and perfect a method of making or conſtructing roads as thoſe Lancaſhire Gentlemen, the late overſeers of the new road over this hill of Bleakſtone-edge: for the truth of this, I appeal to any this have travelled that way, and read the 5th ſatire of the firſt book of Horace, where he ſpeaks of

the

the ruggedneſs of the Flaminian and the Appian ways,

Suppoſe we make a little further digreſſion.--

On reflecting on the firſt forming of our Engliſh highways, ſeveral reaſons occurred for their preſent curvity, or the round-about lines they proceed in; the which, as mere conjectures I will lay before the reader.

Before the time of the Romans and during their ſtay in this Iſland, it had in general the appearance of one extenſive waſte or foreſt. In the firſt conſtructing roads, there were few or no large encloſed manors, Fields, orchards or gardens, and conſequently no lawyers to argue on, or decide private property; which was then in in its infancy and entirely overpowered, and almoſt annihilated by the Roman power. So that in general, their roads were laid out in direct or ſtraight lines. (ſee our Athor p. 165.) They turned not aſide for a bank, a hollow, a ſmall lake, or a miry place. Nothing ſtopped them, but high and ſteep mountains, deep rivers (for we hear of few ruins of Roman bridges) boggy moſſes, marſhy quagmires, or ſteep rocky glens between hills. Now all theſe obſtructions occur here (rivers excepted) in the courſe of our author's pretended Roman road, which ſhould have gone over Bleakſtone-edge, and croſſed the Devil's Cauſeway there: all which, makes the very notion of a Roman road to vaniſh into air.

On the withdrawing of the Romans, and the ſtealing in of the Saxons; property and agriculture began to be a little better underſtood: for the old Britons had very mean notions of private property prior to the arrival of the Romans and the Saxons; notwithſtanding all the buſtle

buſtle Macpherſon makes about the poems of Oſſian and their ſumptuous hoſpitality. I do not mean but their petty kings and chiefs knew tolerably well their own boundries; but that the common people had not, or knew little of any lands they could properly call their own: for this reaſon, the Saxons on their firſt ſettling here, found it no difficult matter to chuſe the moſt fertile parts; and even to encroach on the beſt open lands of their neighbouring Britons: which lands they began to encloſe with banks and ditches, which not being claimed, in a century or two, became Saxon property; and thus were ſettled, or veſted in them and their heirs.

On the increaſe and population of trade, the roads became of more general uſe, were now better made, and more care taken of them: But the firſt encloſures above-mentioned, interſecting, or rather hindering the roads from proceeding in ſtraight lines, they were obliged to turn them firſt round one, then another encloſure, till they became as crooked as we now ſee them.

Then again, on the coming of the arbitrary Normans, the nobility (eſpecially the Norman) became poſſeſſed of enormous eſtates; ſo that theſe and the leſſer Barons turned the roads round their parks and manors; and brought them to their towns, caſtles and manors in what direction they pleaſed; not conſulting the general utility, but their own fancies and arbitrary humors.

Some natural cauſes alſo intervened; the roads could not always proceed in ſtraight lines, becauſe of the intervention of moſſes, marſhes, woods, lakes, hills, &c. theſe, and other reaſons

obliged

obliged many roads to proceed in crooked or indirect lines.

Many of the ſame reaſons may be aſſigned for the irregularity and ſtraitneſs of the ſtreets of ſome towns and ancient cities: for being at firſt generally built without plan, or conſideration (except our author's moſt regular Mancenion) for the firſt comer built a lot here, another houſe or two there, and perhaps end to ſide; ſo that in a little time they ſtood ſo confuſed, no regular ſtreets were or could be built; but where hemmed in by back-yards, narrow ſtreets &c. Theſe things with the loſs of trade, and the diverting of roads for convenience of travellers I look on as the chief reaſons why ſome towns have changed their old ſituations.

If the reader diſapprove theſe flying conjectures of the cauſe of our winding and crooked roads, he is at liberty to gueſs for himſelf; for I will not ſteal our Antiquary's *rivetting-hammer*, and *clench it by ſaying theſe things were abſolutely ſo.*

Speaking of Coln his ſtyle flows thus, "This Page
"the Britiſh appellation of the town, *this* the 134.
"concurrence of a road from Cambodunum at
"it, *this* the voice of tradition, and the appel-
"lation of Caſter, evince to have been the ſite
"of a ſtation."

Again, "There appears the evident ſkeleton
"of a Roman ſtation at preſent; a regular
"Vallum encircled by a regular Foſſe. And
"ſtanding on the ſummit of a lofty cliff, it
"commands a very extenſive view of the coun-
"try around it."

Poſitive——plain——and mighty laconic! But hear him what he ſays only two pages further. "The late Biſhop of Carliſle and myſelf Page
"were both at Coln very nearly at the ſame 136.
"time

" time, and both failed of ſucceſs in our ſearches " tho' the name, the remains, and the tradition " are ſo ſtriking."

This way of writing *muſt abſolutely* tire the moſt patient of readers——the affectedly fuſtian-flights of his ſtyle——the incoherence of the matter——the inconſiſtency of his periods——his frequent ſelf-contradictions both vex and puzzle me.——Could the remains of this Roman ſtation be ſo ſtriking, its ſkeleton be ſo evident at preſent; could a regular Vallum encirculed by a regular Foſſe appear, and yet for all theſe evident tokens and remains of a ſtation, none be ſeen or felt by this Reverend or right reverend father? Surely his Reverence dreamed of all theſe evident indications of a ſtation, or he, and the right Reverend Father too, dreamed in their ſearching.——Blind we cannot reaſonably ſuppoſe them to be:——and they would hardly have been at the coſt, and taken the pains to ride ſo far, and inſtead of peeping eagerly about for the Vallum, the Foſſe, and the plain ſkeleton of a ſtation fall to winking!——Is not this then a moſt puzzling article!——

But ſo it is:——thus he makes us to ſtand like ſtatues gaping for information; for truth, and conſiſtency: when lo! there ſtarts up a phantom: a mere vapour:---the ignis fatuus of his own creative brain!

But let us ſee what Camden ſays in contradiction to our author's poſitive account of the evident ſkeleton of this ſtation at Coln, who ſurveyed this town, and its vincinity 168 years ago. He tells us, (Vol 2. p. 972) " That " except ſome Roman coins, there is no great appearance of a Roman town or ſtation here, ſuch

ſuch as fortifications, altars, boundries, or the like: which made Dr. Leigh in his hiſtory of Lancaſhire, *&c.* to conclude, and very rationally too, that the Coins might be hid thereabouts by the Roman ſoldiers; or loſt or laid there on ſome other accidental occaſions."

The above article, appears to me, another ſpecimen of infallability: for we ſee here, our reverend Antiquary can build evident ruins of a Roman ſtation a hundred times eaſier and cheaper, than ſome of our whimſical Noblemen can huddle up the new ruins of old caſtles in their parks and chaſes: unleſs we muſt conclude againſt reaſon and common experience; that the older Roman ſtations grow, the younger they are; and not only ſo, but the more they are diminiſhed, the more of them remain, and are plainer to be ſeen.

"The Wherf flows briſkly in the front of "Ilkley, and waſhes the gentle eminence on "which that town is erected." Further, "And "this river remarkably beautiful in its appear-"ance, was particularly formed into a Divinity "*by the Britons*, and a large handſome altar "has been found near the bank of it, conſe-"crated by a *Roman Officer* to Verb-eia, the "Goddeſs Nymph of the current." Page 139.

Here we ſee another inſtance of the power of this author's creative fancy; or at leaſt his peculiar art in magnifying objects, and twiſting them into whatever form he pleaſes. To prove which, I will give the reader Camden's own words, in vol. 2. page 896. 'I have ſeen this 'Altar now under a pair of Stairs, and inſcri-'bed by the Captain (or Prefect) of the ſecond 'Cohort of the Lingones to Verbeia, *perhaps* ſhe 'was the Nymph or Goddeſs of the Wherf,

'and

'and called Verbeia *I ſuppoſe* from the likeneſs 'of the two words."

Thus is Camden's very modeſt opinion metamorphoſed into what he neither ſaid, or thought poſitively: is this buckram puppet as here dreſſed up by his reverence, any thing like Camden's genuine offspring? for firſt, he makes the river remarkably beautiful; then creates it a Goddeſs: the altar then thrives into a large one (and handſome too) when Camden has no ſuch expreſſions. Neither does he ſay it was found near the bank of a river; but that he ſaw there under a pair of ſtairs: and out of his modeſt gueſſes; his *perhaps*, and *I ſuppoſe*; his Reverence has built this notable ſuperſtructure

Here it may not be improper to confeſs my ignorance: for before I read this paragraph, I did not know that the art of making Gods and Goddeſſes out of rivers, had been a trick of the old ſagacious Britons, but of thoſe wiſeacres the Greeks and Romans; who made laughter into a god under the name of ridiculous; and Cloacina the ſweet-ſmelling goddeſs of ſinks and common ſewers. Now admitting that the primæval Britons might worſhip the flouriſhing oak and adore the maſſy column, (which I much queſtion) I never heard of their idolizing their currents before. For though Gildas might ſay the ignorant Britons paid divine honours to ſome rivers or head-ſprings; he did not ſay, or mean they did ſo before the Roman invaſion: for this was a ridiculous extravagance introduced by the Romans and adopted by the Britons.

But let us return and peep at the proof of this Deification of this Yorkſhire river Wherf.

He

tells us, " That an altar both large and hand-
" ſome was found near the bank of it, and
" conſecrated by a *Roman Officer* to Verb-eia."

Had Heraclitus been alive and heard ſuch a clenching proof as this; muſt he not have laughed? For becauſe a Roman Officer dedicated an Altar to Verbeia, the Britons muſt *abſolutely* have worſhiped the Wherf as a Goddeſs! Does not the ſpirit of Antiquarianiſm here jump over the bounds of reaſon and all probability, and fly like the down off thiſtles, as the wind of fancy pleaſes? But let us obſerve a little further.

Camden to prove that the ſecond Cohort of Lingones were quartered at Ilkley (the old Olicana) mentions this altar in the words before quoted. The inſcription Camden gives of it is

VERBIAE SACRUM
CLODIUS FRONTO
PRÆF. COH. II. LINGON.

But his learned Editor (the Bp. of Lond.) points out an inaccuracy of Camden here, whoſe words are; 'It ſeems rather to have been the 'firſt Cohort; as the laſt line of that inſcription 'being not II. LINGON, but P. LINGON. 'in the original as appears from Mr. John 'Thoreſby's papers late of Leeds; an eminent 'Antiquary who accurately tranſcribed it, being 'very critical in his obſervations upon inſcrip-'tions and original Coins, of which he had a 'valuable collection.'

Camden alſo tells us, this original altar is removed to Stubham: but by Dr. Leiſter's letter to the Royal Society, mentioned by his Editor

afterwards (p. 959) it appears to be at Middleton Grange near Ilkley, But the ſtone which Camden ſays ſupports a pair of ſtairs there (as at this day it does in the very road) is but an ill copy of it and not the original: is it not more likely the latter to be the original altar, and the other two to be copies? its awkard workmanſhip, and the place of ſtanding, are both in its favour, for who would counterfeit an altar to ſupport a *pair of Stairs*.

Page 170. "The Caſtrum at Littlebrough *muſt* have given "denomination to the village, and ſeems to "have been fixed upon the ground which is "about half a mile to the eaſt of it; which is "immediately to the left of the new road, and "which is popularly denominated Caſtle. This "is directly under the ſteep of Blackſtone-edge "nearly adjoining to the courſe of the Roman "road, and upon the margin of a briſk ſtream. "And the fortification which gave name to the "ground is of ſo ancient a date, that both the "remains of it have vaniſhed from the eye and "tradition has forgotten its exiſtence."

The ſecond, and the third ſections of the ſixth chapter are worth a curious reader's obſervation. Let the admirers of this pompous hiſtory, if any ſuch there be, ſeriouſly peruſe them; and if they do not ſee a bombaſt, prolix and futile deſcription of trifles, without bringing any argument to prove ſuch trifles ever exiſted: ſuppoſitions without any foundation, and things ſtarted and affirmed without probability, they *muſt actually* ſhut the eyes of their underſtanding. At the ſame time they cannot but obſerve this author's fancy ſo flamingly-keen, that becauſe he believes them probable himſelf, he thinks all his readers are obliged to

ſwallow

ſwallow them, as ſome folks do Subſcriptions, and believe them as the articles of our faith.

In this page his Reverence tells us, "The "Gauls produced the largeſt and beſt *Hog-meat* "that was brought into Italy." Page 333.

This article put my brain on the rack in my former remarks, to find out what this largeſt and beſt *Hog-meat* could be; for I did not perceive then, that the antiquary's torch had lighted up the myſtery; and by which I now perceive the dulneſs of my penetration and ignorance in the ſcience of fattening Hogs. As this curious anecdote may be of general utility to all future hog-drivers, and teach them to feed their hogs as they travel from one town to another with little or no coſt, I will here repeat the ſecret in the author's own words: more eſpecially as it may ſerve as another ſpecimen of his flowingly-ſublime, and inimitable ſtyle.

"*The one whole townſhip of Broughton and Kerſal* MUST in the time of the Romans have "been all covered with one extenſive wood, as "covered it remained even to the period of the "Norman conqueſt. And the cattle which "the Romans *muſt* have kept within it, were "their Hogs. For ſuch cattle the yearly fall-"ing Acorns of the Oaks would afford a luxu-"rious food. For ſuch cattle the wood appears "thro' many ages to have ſhed the annual "produce of its trees, and two or three fields "that are near to Kerſal-moor, and cloſe to "the preſent bowling-green are ſtill denomina-"ted the Hog-heys. And for ſuch cattle a "right of paſnage even along the unwooded "extent of the preſent moor was recently con-"teſted in a court of Juſtice, the townſhip of

Salford

"Salford aſſerting a claim, and the Lords of "Kerſal refelling it. The ſoil being ſtill "friendly to the growth of oaks, the many "acorns which the provident crows repoſite in "tufts of graſs along every extended waſte, "and which, being in winter forgotten and loſt, "ſhoot up in little plants, are ſkilfully rooted "up, and eagerly devoured by the obſervant "Hogs. Thus was Lowcaſter deſigned to "protect the cattle of the Romans that fed in "the wood of Broughton."

What a pompous rapſody is here! What a ridiculous harangue on ſomething below trifles! Is it not a pity that tradition ſo very good-natured to our Antiquary, had not placed a few horns on the heads of ſome of theſe Roman cattle? But alas, we find it left them, as nature left ſome Caledonian cattle, alias Scotch-cuſhes quite without any at all!——Not one horn adorned the head of any one of theſe hog-cattle that fed in the wood of Broughton!——

I confeſs it puzzles me more than a little to find out how this antiquary can tell that the *one whole Townſhip of Broughton and Kerſal muſt all* have been covered with one extenſive wood, in the time of the Romans, and remained ſo till the conqueſt. I have conſulted what author's I can meet with, on this ſubject; I have purpoſely viewed ſeveral parts of this ONE WHOLE Townſhip; but cannot ſee any more reaſon to think it *all* once covered with wood, than I can ſee the caſtle-field was a wood at the ſame time.

But how his Reverence could ſmell the *Hog-cattle* out, or knew that the Romans never kept any other cattle than Hogs in theſe woods, is no leſs wonderful. O——now I aſk this antiquary's pardon. Theſe wonders and doubts

ariſe

ariſe from my not looking far enough——: for in the following lines this point is demonſtrated; for he ſays, two or three fields near Kerſal-moor are called the Hog-heys to this day——! So here I knock under, for who but a true *Pendragon* in antiquarianiſm muſt not fall down under ſuch a forcible argument as this is?

Yet the greateſt wonder is behind, i. e. how theſe trees of oak ſhould know that theſe *Hog-cattle* were under their branches! He tells us, "for "ſuch cattle the wood appears thro' many ages "to have ſhed its annual produce." By which expreſſion we may fairly conclude, that the trees would not have ſhed their acorns but purely for the ſake of the *Hog-cattle* under them.

Further, he informs us "that the *Provident* "*Crows repoſite* the many acorns in tufts of "graſs in the winter, and then forget and loſe them." Surely theſe *provident Crows* were the moſt improvident animals that ever exiſted; thus to lay up ſtores to no manner of purpoſe, and without the leaſt benefit to themſelves; and came much ſhort in good ſenſe of the Broughton oaks that fed the *Obſervant Hogs* under their branches, whilſt theſe *provident Crows* had not wit to feed themſelves.

"But the Acorns are repoſited in tufts of "Graſs, thro' every extended waſte which ſhoot "up in little plants, which are *ſkilfully* rooted "up, and eagerly devoured by the *obſervant* "*Hogs*."

Now who laid theſe Acorns in theſe tufts of Graſs before the Hogs found them out, and before the Crows had hid them, (for he ſays the Crows repoſited them) or who or what took them away the firſt time, his Reverence ſays not: but after being thus repoſited by the

Crows

Crows, they ſprung up into little plants. This ſmells of the miraculous order again: that theſe acorns ſhould ſpring up without being planted in the ground, or the leaſt earth or ſoil about them, is another anecdote SKILFULLY rooted up out of the ruins of time by our antiquary: for who ever before this dreamed that our Engliſh acorns ſo far excelled the Weſt-India Semper-vivum, thus to flouriſh without the leaſt aſſiſtance from our common mother the earth.

But behold the cunning *obſervant Hogs!* Who peeping from behind the brown thickets, marked where the Crows *repoſited* them; or elſe they were found out by the Hogs hunting for them, and then *moſt* SKILFULLY rooted up and devoured.

Now were not theſe Hogs the moſt wonderfull Hogs that ever were recorded in hiſtory, thus to root up acorns that never were planted in the ground——! Is it not a pity that all theſe ſapplings ſhould be thus annually devoured by theſe cunning ſwine? There well may be a ſcarcity of oak timber about Mancheſter: but let not this melancholy thought affect the reader too much; for to his comfort I dare affirm that his Reverence, or any other *Porker* in Britain, never ſaw a young oak thus grubbed up and devoured, ſince an oak grew in the one whole townſhip of Broughton and Kerſal.

But again, to chear up yout drooping ſpirits O ye Mancunians; remember, the Crows are annually planting you Acorns in tufts of graſs along every extended waſte; ſo that inſtead of wanting timber, you are much more likely to be all Woode again, as in the time of the Romans. But when you perceive this likely to happen, the remedy is at hand——; turn in

your

your *ſkilful Hogs*, Gentlemen, to root up and devour the plants before they are planted; and then your ground is ſafe from being over-run with Oak timber again, as in the time of yore.

Speaking of the river Irwell, he ſays, "the waters purſue the direction of the ground, "and eſcape round Salford to the town of "Mancheſter." Page 178.

How complaiſant can this author make any of the four elements;——they tremble at his nod, and come or go at his pleaſure! Other rivers, to be ſure, run up-hill; but the waters of Irwell are ſo ſubmiſſive that they purſue the direction of the ground, run down brow and eſcape!——Whither? Why, from a higher ground to a lower; and round Salford to Mancheſter. No, no; not quite ſo, neither, for when I came from Warrington in December, 1771, I got into Salford without the aſſiſtance of bridge, boat, or wings, and did not wet a ſhoe-latchet neither. So that the Irwell is a little ſhort of running round Salford to Mancheſter, tho' it is nearer doing ſo now, than ever it was ſince it was a river; and I ſuppoſe its antiquity is not a whit behind that ancient river, the river Kiſhon.

Treating on what he calls the *Caſtra Æſtiva*, or the ſummer Camps, he ſays, "The Romans "therefore, naturally conſtructed an additional "Camp for their ſtation in ſummer, for this "they neceſſarily ſelected ſome advantageous "ſite, ſuch was apparently the general reaſon "for which the Romans conſtructed the ſummer "camps, ſuch was conſequently the general prin-"ciple upon which they ſelected the proper po-"ſitions for them. And every ſtation in the "kingdom that has a ſoutherly aſpect in itſelf, 181.

"and

" and any advantageous ground near it with a " northerly one, *muſt* have regularly claimed " the pleaſing appendage of a ſummer Camp." Further,

" The ſtation of Mancunium having both " the former, *muſt certainly* have had the latter. " A ſummer Station *was abſolutely neceſſary* " at Mancunium, as the warm beams of the " ſummer are uncommonly fervid and ſcorch- " ing upon the ſlope of the Caſtle-field."

If the curious reader has not time to peruſe the whole of this prolix hiſtory, the ſecond and third ſections of his ſixth chapter may ſerve as an epitome of the whole. He may have a peep at the all-powerful fancy of a thorough-bred Antiquary.——A method of repreſenting trifles as articles of moment, and the mere off-ſpring of imagination——. A pompous ronnd-about way of deſcribing puerile whims; and a dogmatical mode of expreſſion. For theſe ſummer Camps muſt not only neceſſarily *exiſt*; but they muſt *abſolutely* have exiſted on the place where this Gentleman's FANCY is pleaſed to place them.

As the ſtation at Mancunium had a ſoutherly aſpect *in itſelf*, and a piece of ground with a northerly aſpect that pleaſed the Antiquary, juſt there *muſt certainly* have been the ſummer Camp. And to make this Camp more neceſſary, he tells us without heſitation, that the warm beams of the Sun (which have now more than a greater fainter livelineſs) are *uncommonly fervid and ſcorching* upon the ſlope of the Caſtle-field. But alas, I found, on trial, that the fervid fancy of an Antiquary, adds but little heat to the beams of the ſun. For I was on the ſlope of this Caſtle-field, in one of the hotteſt

days

days of the ſummer this hiſtory was publiſhed (1771) but either my coat threw back the rays of the ſun, or my Crocodilean-hyde would not ſuffer theſe *ſcorching beams* to enter it: for I could not perceive this ſlope any hotter than it was in the next field to it.

" The Britons muſt in all probability have " prevouſly *planted Bee-hives* near the abodes of " the Chiefs——The Britons *muſt aſſuredly* have " planted them near their plantations, fields, " and own houſes, as at preſent." Page 236.

This *moſt certainly* is moſt elegantly expreſſed!——But ſtill it falls vaſtly ſhort of the notable action it celebrates. For though it muſt be allowed that Willows are as apt to take root and ſprout up as any plant or tree in Britain: yet that they ſhould take root, and ſprout up after they have been twiſted or combined into Baſkets and Bee-hives, is ſomething of the miraculous order again; eſpecially as they did not grow up in twigs as at their firſt time of ſprouting; but in complete Bee-hives! For we muſt not ſuppoſe the old Britons ſuch natural fools as to have ſet or planted theſe admirable Bee-hive-plants, if they had not expected a good crop from them.

" The Turnip was particularly uſed in G[illegible]al 237.
" and was even diſpenſed as food to the C[illegible]allic
" cattle in the Winter; an application [illegible]f roots
" which has been vainly eſteemed the [illegible]ſult of
" modern genius, and which is really [illegible]one of the
" greateſt improvements of modern [illegible]griculture."

Here his Reverence tells us, i[illegible]f I take him by the right handle, that giv[illegible]ing Turnips to cattle, was vainly or falſly eſt[illegible]eemed the reſult of modern genius, i. e. it i[illegible], not of a modern invention, but was practi[illegible]ed antiently by the

Gauls: then again in the identic period he ſays "it is one of the greateſt improvements of "modern agriculture."

If this is not a ſaying and unſaying it again, I muſt acknowledge it is too myſteriouſly expreſſed for my capacity; and muſt refer to the reader's judgement.

"The Taxes impoſed upon the provincial "Britons conſiſted of four or five different ar- "ticles. One was, an impoſition upon burials, "which is particularly urged as a grievance by "the ſpirited Boadicia. Another was a capita- "tion-tax, which was likewiſe inſiſted on by "that Britiſh heroine. A third was a land-tax "which amounted to two ſhillings in the pound "or a tenth of the annual produce of every thing "that was raiſed from ſeed; and to four ſhillings "in the pound, or a fifth of the produce in "every thing that was raiſed from plants. And "all the commercial imports and exports were "ſubject to particular charges."

What theſe impoſitions upon burials, the capitation tax, or that upon cattle were, our author does not mention: but that they lay very heavy upon the poor Britons is certain, by the two firſt-mentioned being particularly complained of by the Britiſh Queen before her revolt; and very probably, were greater than two ſhillings in the pound land-tax, and the four ſhillings in the pound on herbs and plants put together.

To paſs by this reckoning of the Roman taxations by our pounds and ſhillings, which is curious enough; becauſe there were no Coins adequate to our money then exiſting. But ſuppoſing the Britons were taxed as is here ſtipulated (which appears to me incredible) it is eaſily ſeen, that they muſt have been ſo exceſſively

ſively oppreſſive (thoſe times conſidered) that they could not bear up under the weight of them: and yet our author tells us roundly a few lines below——"They were by no means "oppreſſive in themſelves:——and the weight "of them was certainly light, and but equiva-"lent the duties they had formerly paid to "their own Sovereigns."

Here it ſeems our author took it into his head to palliate and diminiſh the oppreſſion and ſlavery of the Britons purely to ſhew the great lenity and generous ſouls of the Romans, tho' his own account falls out (as uſual) with itſelf: which noble character how well they merited will be ſeen a little further.

I have often hinted at the mean opinion his Reverence ſeems to have of other men's faculties, that he thinks them ſo purblind as not to ſee one claſhing, or contradictory account in this his infallible hiſtory: had it not been ſo, he *moſt certainly* is ſhort-ſighted himſelf: otherwiſe could he think his readers *muſt abſolutely* credit both theſe aſſertions; "That the Britons were "thus heavily taxed, and yet theſe taxes be by "no means oppreſſive."

Whether theſe taxes were oppreſſive to the old Britons or not, it is my opinion that had this nation been ſaddled with the like, either before, or in the reigns of the three firſt Stuarts, a revolution would have reared its hydra-creſt before the year eighty-eight: and as more numerous and more oppreſſive taxes now gall this nation, if no relief or change for the better intervene, I ſhall not be ſurprized if another wheel-about ſhould raiſe a duſt and ſtifle a few catterpillers before eighty-eight come again: and bring others to an account who now loll

and

and baſk under the ſhadow of a crown, and and neſtle in the dawn of the regal-wing.

But waving Politics which always raiſe irkſome thoughts of weak and corrupt reigns, let us admit the above account of the heavy taxes of the Romans laid on the ſhoulders of the poor Britons to be true; nay, ſuppoſe one half to be ſo, the wonder vaniſhes that the Britons were ſo weary of the Roman yoke, or that they ſhould combine together to regain loſt liberty by revolting. But ſtill they had greater grievances, more piercing oppreſſions to complain of, which raiſed their fury to the higheſt pitch. For, Praſutagus King of the Icenè dying, leaves Nero the Emperor, and his own two daughters Coheireſs of all his treaſure; purely to procure that tyrant's favour to his family and ſubjects. This proved of no advantage; for the Roman Officers ſieze all the great treaſure for the Emperor's uſe.

Boadicia, the widow of the deceaſed King, a woman of a high ſpirit and heroic courage, oppoſes theſe unjuſt proceedings of the Roman officers; but meets with no relief; but inſtead of that, freſh contempt and more galling vexations: for they cauſe her to be whipped publicly, and then ſuffer her daughters to be raviſhed by the common ſoldiers!

Beſides all theſe inhuman acts of tyranny, the Britons were thurſt out of their poſſeſſions by the Roman veterans and coloniſts. The Procurator, Catus Decianus, confiſcated what eſtates he pleaſed to his own and the Emperor's uſe. The flower of their youth were taken for ſoldiers and diſperſed in diſtant provinces of the empire; and no relief to be had, for all petitions from what quarter ſoever were rejected.

Nay,

Nay, Seneca, that Right-reverend philoſophic Doctor, whoſe tenets and maxims and his practice, give one another the lie, helped to promote the inſurrection. For tho' this great prieſt of his time preached againſt worldly-mindedneſs, praiſed moderation and contentment, had, at this time, (if we can believe Dio. Caſs.) to the value of 300,000 pounds out on uſury in Britain. And as uſurers always keep a ſharp look-out for their own intereſt; he perceived that the cruelty and oppreſſion of his countrymen, on the point of raiſing a ſtorm; ſo haſtily recalled and rigorouſly exacted his money out of the hands of the Britons, which helped to puſh them into mere deſperation.

Now what people under the ſun could bear the taxes before-mentioned, and ſuffer ſuch inſults and tyranical oppreſſions without endeavouring an adequate revenge? Accordingly the Iceni as chiefly concerned began the revolt; the Trinobants joined them, and immediately after Venutius king of the Brigantes (our author ſays Jugantes) and all the reſt of the oppreſſed Britons (the Londoners excepted) who groaned under the iron yoke of the Romans. The whole combined army under the Britiſh heroine Boadicia, as Dion ſays, amounted to 230,000: but Dion's ſpectacles generally magnified too much; however, moſt authors agree it conſiſted of 100,000 men.

When this inſurrection began, Suetonius Paulinus was governor of Britain, and was juſt then finiſhing the conqueſt of the Iſle of Mona (now Angleſey in Wales) where he cut down all the conſecrated Oaken-groves of the Druids. When hearing of the revolt, he haſtens from Mona, and with quick marches ſoon arrves in the

ſouth-eaſt parts of Britain. But before his arrival the exaſperated Britons under Boadicia had ſlain great numbers of Romans who were diſperſed in their colonies and ſtations. They maſſacred all of whatever age or ſex: not one Roman they could lay hold on was ſpared. They had likewiſe taken, ſacked, and deſtroyed the two ſtrong and populous towns of Camulodunum and Verulamium; defeated the ninth legion under the lieutenant Petilius Crealis, forced the Procurator Catus to fly beyond the ſea; and ſlain, ſays Dion, 80,000 Romans; but Tacitus allows that 70,000 of his countrymen at this time loſt their lives.

Here it is worth obſerving, with what ſurprizing expedition the politic Romans colonized and peopled their new-conquered provinces. It was but about eighteen years before this revolt that Claudius had conquered Britain: and we ſee what numbers they had ſent hither! For allowing a reaſonable increaſe by their intermarrying with the Britons, they grew in ſo ſhort a time far more than 80,000: for, beſides the army under Paulinus, there was ſome part of the defeated legion under Petilius, another detachment under Phœnius Poſthumus who refuſed to aſſiſt Paulinus; with many other garriſons in the north, and other parts where they had Fortreſſes; which the Britons had neither time to reach, or power to conquer.

Another proof that the Romans were very numerous in this Iſland at the time of this inſurrection is; the quantity of their Coins, which are ſtill, and always have been found in many parts of this country ever ſince Honorius renounced all Sovereignity over it; which was in the year 410; and the laſt legion that ever

was

was here, left Britain about ſixteen or ſeventeen years afterwards.

The iſſue of all was, the Romans who had but 10,000, and the unfortunate Britons ten times that number, the latter were defeated with the loſs of 80,000; and the Romans triumphed with the loſs of only 4 or 500 men! Thus the Britons ſunk into their former ſlavery:—— Boadicia for grief took poiſon:——and Pænius Poſthumus who denied his aſſiſtance to Paulinus ſtabbed himſelf!——Ah, what a pity that this mighty ſtruggle for native liberty had no better ſucceſs!

In this page our author ſpeaking of the crowns worn by the ancient kings of this Iſle, ſays "We have a very curious and antient deleniation of it upon the tomb-ſtone of a Britiſh monarch that reigned in the 5th century. The ſtone was diſcovered in the Iſle of Angelſea about the reign of Charles the ſecond, lying no leſs than ſix feet underground. And as the edge of it bears a remarkable inſcription to the memory of PABO, ſo the plain of it exhibits the figure of a king, dreſſed in his armour, graſping a ſceptre and wearing a crown; the *Sceptre was a ſtrong weapon of Iron* and pointed in the form of a lily, and the crown being a circlet ſtudded with ſtars, and fringed with three flowers above." Page 255.

This is another inſtance of the ſtrength of antiquarian fancy: for admitting that the figure on the ſtone repreſented a Welſh king of the fifth century; yet that the ſceptre he graſped in his hand, did not repreſent a ſceptre that was originally made of wood, ivory, or ſome other curious metal is ſomething above common ken: but his Reverence, to ſhew his penetrating faculties

culties, ſoon ſmelt it was Iron; and that being ſo awkard and cold a ſubſtance for a royal hand it makes the relation more curious: eſpecially in theſe our more effimanate times it would be next to a miracle for one of our kings to handle a weapon made of Iron.

However, let that be as it will, I always thought till now, that a ſceptre had been an emblem of royalty, and not an inſtrument of war: but what puzzles me moſt is, how this author or any other antiquary, ſhould know that the original ſceptre was made of iron; unleſs the figure was ſo exquiſitely carved, that the ſtrokes of the ſmith's hammer was to be ſeen on it: and he who could find out this criterion at this diſtance of time *muſt abſolutely* be a moſt penetrating genius, and ought to entitle him to the honour of F. S. A.

Page 271. "Lancaſhire *muſt* have been parcelled out "into Diſtricts coevally with the firſt planta-"tion of it."

Is not this heroically done of a parſon?——Thus to parcel out a county into Diſtrects above 1300 hundred years before that county had a being!——But this is much ſhort of going through-ſtitch; for in the next page he ſays, "Thus did our little diſtricts of our "townſhips in Lancaſhire commence with the "firſt colony that ſettled in it." Again in page 273, there ſtarts up another clencher, for he informs us, "that the counties of Durham, "York, Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, and "Lancaſter *are expreſsly declared* to have been "uncommonly populous, even before the ſet-"tlement of the Romans."

But this clencher not doing the job perfectly, he rivets the point a little faſter; for treating

of

of the wild face of the country in the time of the Romans, he expreſſes himſelf thus, "The "great Foreſt of the Coritani which contained "ſeveral towns and the ſeats of a whole nation "within it, and which *ſtraggled* over the whole "*five whole* counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, "Leiceſter, and Rutland, and even ſuch parts "of Northamptonſhire as lie on the north of "the Nen."

He who reads this, and many other Sections of the ſame manufacture without riſibility, *muſt abſolutely* be a perfect ſtoic.——'Tis like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion!——For to paſs by this vagabond rambling Foreſt, that *ſtraggled over five whole counties* that were but four and a bit: yet that his Reverence ſhould repreſent England Wales, and Scotland, as divided into counties and leſſer diſtricts in the time of the Romans, is more than a little ſurprizing!——Yet this ridiculous notion he adopts and foſters from firſt to laſt of this hopeful work. This is ſeen in too many places for me to enumerate: and where he thinks he can elevate even bombaſt, tells us of the Siſtuntian monarch of Lancaſhire. ——Towns and Fortreſſes built on the crown-lands of *Lancaſhire*.——Lands conſigned by the king of Lancaſhire (p. 272) *&c. &c.* when at the ſame time he muſt know on the leaſt reflexion there *abſolutely* was no ſuch a diviſion in being.

This may be a proper place to give the reader a ſpecimen of this hiſtorian's exact chronology: in p. 385 he has theſe words, "Lanca-"ſhire was inhabited ſome years before time of "Herodotus, and about 500 years before the Æra of Chriſt." Now by his own account, and by knowing that England was not divided into counties till Alfred's time, or about the year

885; the reader will eaſily perceive his Reverence was crooked in his computation above 1380 years.

But to be a little more particular; Alfred the great about the time above-mentioned, finding that the numerous deſcents of the Danes and other civil wars, had produced ſuch a number of vagabonds and ſtrolling thieves that all manner of crimes were committed with impunity, by Engliſhmen under the name of Danes; it being ſo eaſy for the criminals to ſhift their quarters and to lurk in other places. Alfred ſeeing his honeſt ſubjects thus preyed upon by ſuch vagrants, put him upon parcelling England into ſhires, or counties, which were ſubdivided into hundreds and theſe again into tythings, and made each tything anſwerable for its own reſpective inhabitants: and conſequently each perſon was made to belong to a certain diſtrict: and he that could not, or would not, tell to which he belonged, muſt give ſecurity for his good behaviour; or the tything in which he was found, threw him into priſon, to prevent paying the penalty it was ſubject to, if he committed any crime. By this it is plain that England was not divided into counties till more than 400 years after the Romans deſerted Britain*: and to talk of ſhires and counties before or in the Roman time, is glaringly ridiculous. But the caſtle-field (which in thoſe ages was no field at all) the Roman ſummer-camps, Ribcheſter-ſtreet, *&c. &c.* are chips of the ſame block; or ſparks ſtruck from the fervid fancy of a fanciful antiquary.

But to make this point more evident, that this was the time, and not before, that England was

* Rapin. Ingulp. Malms. l. 2.

was divided into ſhires it may be obſerved, That Spelman who writ the life of Alfred allows him to be the firſt who fixed the number and limits of ſhires; and Dr. Howel allows the ſame.

Camden alſo in his diviſion of Britain, p. ccxxv. ſays, 'That while the Heptarchy continued, England was not divided into what 'we call counties; but into ſeveral ſmall partitions with their number of Hydes; and alſo confirms my firſt account hereof.

Alſo, in vol. I. p. 434. he tells us, 'All we can ſafely conclude, is, that there is ſcarce a poſſibility that the Britiſh diviſions ſhould include exactly ſo many counties, ſince the bounds of the counties were ſet long after the Britiſh times by king Alfred; who no doubt had rather an eye to the convenience of the kingdom, than the exact limits of the Britons.'

Again, in p. 617, 'The inhabitants of this part (Worceſterſhire) with their neighbours in the time of Bede, before England was divided into counties, were called *Wiccii*.'

The reaſon of ſtretching this point ſo far, is, becauſe our antiquary is ſo conſtantly harping on this jarring ſtring, of ſhires and counties exiſting in the Britiſh and Roman times: but the proofs here advanced, I preſume may be ſufficient to ſhew, that when ever he mentions ſhires or counties, or applies them to times, or things, before the reign of Alfred the great. he is leading the reader into the regions of error and non-entities. And that it is both natural and rational to conclude with Camden, that it is almoſt impoſſible that the Britiſh diviſions ſhould include juſt ſo many counties. If ſo, what muſt become of all the antiquarian duſt his reverence raiſes about ſhires and counties

ties exiſting before the invaſion of Julius Cæſar. The foundation of which is chiefly built upon the infallible Itinerary of Richard the Monk; which, if it be erroneous, (as I have proved it is) this fanciful-duſt evaporates into the air; and flies beyond the clouds.

Now to the next article, in which it may poſſibly be diverting to the reader, to point out to his obſervation, in what venerable eſteem our author holds the poems of the Caledonian poet, Oſſian.

In the 290 page, he treats of the Chariots of the ancient Britons, and has theſe words.

Page 290. "We have the picture of one of them ſketched "out by a Britiſh hand, and *engraven* upon a "coin. There we ſee the Charioteer mounted on "his carriage before us, a quiver of arrows "peeping over his left ſhoulder, and a ſpear "portended from his left hand, his feet reſting "upon the pole, or on a foot-board annexed to "it, and his body leaning over the horſes in the "act of accelerating their motion,"

Now as this deſcription is taken from the coins of Camden and Borlace, we muſt allow it to be as authentic as the nature of ſuch things will admit.

Nevertheleſs I think few readers can peruſe this paragraph without taking notice in what a queer manner the fricaſſee is toſſed up.—— In the firſt place, this *picture* of a chariot *was engraved by a Britiſh hand.* What olfactory nerves but thoſe of a F. S. A. could poſſibly have ſmelt out, that a Briton *engraved* this coin; and not a Roman, a Gaul, *&c.* But dark and remote as the whole of this was, 'tis demonſtrated after this author's manner here, before a man can ſay---*Jack-o-lent.*

But

But this Britiſh hand *engraved* it too!——If this were ſo, it was *abſolutely* the moſt curious Unic that ever *ruſt was rubbed off*: for then it could not be ſtamped, emboſſed or protuberant from the plane, or ſurface, as all other coins are; but it was *engraved*, *ſunk*, or *cut in*; ſomewhat after the manner of ſeals.----Next the Charioteer was mounted on his cartiage *before us*: i. e. the coin when viewed, was not behind the perſon who looked on it: by which this fair concluſion may be drawn, the eyes of an antiquary do not ſtand in the back part of his head. And laſtly, "A quiver of arrows peeped over his "left ſhoulder." This *muſt abſolutely* have been a great curioſity *in it ſelf!* and pity it is, that the antiquary did not tell us whether the peeping eyes of this quiver ſtood before, or behind.

In the next page he ſays, "And we have "the deſcription of another Chariot which is "eqally authentic *in it ſelf*, very ſimilar in one "or two particulars, and more circumſtantial. "There we have the Car of a Britiſh Regulus, "*bending behind*, and drawn by a pair of horſes; "its ſides being emboſſed with ſparkling ſtones. "its beam of the poliſhed yew, and its ſeat of "the ſmootheſt bone, its ſides being repleniſh-"ed with ſpears, the bottom being the foot-"ſtool of the Chief, and his red hair flying "from his head behind, as bending forward "he wields the ſpear." *Oſſian* vol. I. p. 11.

Theſe two quotations are produced as I ſaid before, to ſhew how authentically true his Reverence holds the poems of Ossian and mimicks that ſtyle.

This ſtrongly paints to my fancy, his Reverence eagerly-buſy putting two or more Britiſh coins, with ſenſe and reaton into one end of a pair

pair of ſcales; and the poems of Oſſian, wrapt up in his own fancy, into the other: the balance is in equilibrio for a moment, but at laſt the chariot of Oſſian with its ſparkling ſtones, mixed with ſpears, ſubſides!——Is it not a pity that either Engliſh or Caledonian ſuſtian, mixed with theſe brilliants and ſpears, ſhould ponderate in our author's ſcales againſt theſe coins; all probability; and that ſolid thing called common-ſenſe!

Page 290. In this page alſo, he laments the indellible diſgrace put on his dear brother and fellow-labourer, Doctor Stukely. "I am ſorry, "ſays he, to obſerve that Mr. Pegge has ſullied "his uſeful treatiſe on the coins of Cunobeline, "with a rude ſtricture on the late Doctor Stuke-"ley. Let the extravagances of Doctor Stukeley "be all corrected. They ought to be. But "let not his character be held up to the public, "as the mere fantaſtical enthuſiaſt of antiquities. "This, juſtice, gratitude, and politeneſs equa-"ly concur to forbid."

Now if Mr Pegge has committed any fault, or treated Doctor Stukeley with more ſeverity, or indecency than he ought to do; I ſhall be obliged (and will too) to aſk pardon of our author for remarking on this moſt hopeful Mancunion hiſtory; in which, perhaps, I have thrown out more ruſtic and blunt ſtrictures than ever Mr. Pegge ſhot againſt Doctor Stukeley. But if the candid reader do not ſee the reaſons adequate to my ironical ruſticity, I have no apology more, than that I am ſorry we differ in our ſentiments.

As to the firſt part of this quotation of our author, I agree to it; that the extravagances of Doctor Stukeley ought to be corrected.——

That

That this gentleman was a fantaſtical enthuſiaſt in antiquities, our author, I preſume, will not deny.-----That he has advanced mere whims, conjectures, nay things improbable, and taken much pains to palm them on the public, and eſtabliſh them as truths, few will deny. I allow that whatever diſputes ſtart up amongſt antiquaries, do not affect our morals, our religion, or ſociety in general: nevertheleſs, as truth is always the antagoniſt of falſhood and error; and finds a ſecret pleaſure in detecting and expoſing them whenever they meet: who but an enemy to truth can poſſibly take it amiſs in ſeeing Dr. Stukeley held up to the public, as a fantaſtical enthuſiaſt of antiquarianiſm.

That Dr. Stukeley was a bigoted antiquary our author himſelf allows, and proves by two particular inſtances in page 169; where his Reverence very juſtly obſerving the defects of the Roman roads, (which the Doctor's dotage admired, purely becauſe they were Roman) for want of bridges, when they came to croſs rivers has theſe words---"Doctor Stukeley in the "genuine ſpirit of an antiquarian, commends "the wiſdom of the Romans for preferring "*durable fords*, to *periſhing bridges*;" and quotes the Doctor's ITIN. Cur. p. 72. Again, "See "alſo a ſimilarly awkard expedient for croſſing the rills of valleys mentioned p. 82.

Now, muſt we not allow, that Doctor Stukeley firſt ſhut the eyes of his underſtanding; and having thrown reaſon and common-ſenſe out of doors, falls down and worſhips that ruſty god antiquity? Had it been otherwiſe, the Doctor's judgement could never pave preferred fords to bridges, conſidering their unavoidable inconvevience in winter, by floods, &c. but to proceed.

I am

I am ſo far from thinking Mr. Pegge has ſullied his treatiſe on Cunobeline's coins with any illnatured, or ſevere remarks on Doctor Stukeley; that in my opinion he had made himſelf acceſſary, and an abettor of his falſhood and extravagances, if he had not detected and expoſed them to the world. And who but one that was conſcious of being a chip of the ſame block with the Doctor, could think and and affirm, that juſtice, gratitude and politeneſs equally concurred, to forbid expoſing him!

What an Idea of truth and juſtice has his Reverence, if he think error and enthuſiaſtical falſhood ſhould not be detected, and expoſed to the public, but ought to be indulged and pampered? Does not this ſmell ſtrongly of the muſty rags of Romiſh prieſt-craft.

Then again I aſk; which way is the law of gratitude broken or affected by telling truth and expoſing error? Is it ungrateful to ſet a traveller right who is going wrong; or to lend him a lantern in the dark? Does not this whiſper-----an antiquary with a ſtrong intellect, an enterpriſing ſpirit, a flaming deſire to riſe in reputation, and to eſtabliſh his own vague conceits, cannot do wrong, but is infallible?

As to politeneſs, I know little of it: but my notion of it is, that it cannot be polite to conceal extravagances, falſhood, and knavery; except at court, there indeed our author's notions of juſtice, gratitude, and politeneſs, are adopted, believed, and practiſed:----thither, perhaps his Rerevence aims to travel:----there lies the fountain of preferment: thither let him march as he may poſſibly prove as uſeful in the Hierarchy, as Sir Bull-face-double-fee is in the ſtate.

Here

Here he ſpeaks of earthen veſſels, and ſays, " Under the direction of a Roman or Roman " Friſian-maſter, the Mancunians learnt to mo- " del their veſſels with a lathe, to give them " the *ſoft poliſh* of a glazing, and to flouriſh " them with Carvings, and emboſs them with " figures." Page 292.

Omitting the extraordinary phraſes of a *Roman-Friſian Pot-maker at Mancunium*, and the *carving of flouriſhes* in *Pot-metal*, I cannot but think the *ſoft poliſh* of a glazing ſtill more curious: but perhaps it is an error of the preſs, and the printer inſtead of *hard poliſh*, inſerted *ſoft poliſh*: but ſuppoſing it ſo, yet I preſume the *ſmooth poliſh* of a glazing † would have been moſt proper, and the beſt Engliſh: but becauſe other judicious writers would have ſo expreſſed themſelves, his Reverence thought it too low and grovelling for an Antiquary. But after all, a *Graver carving* wooden veſſels into elegance (as in the next page) is not a whit behind——it is elegant——ſublime indeed!—— Yet is but a herring of the ſame tub with that of the picture of a Chariot ſketched out by a Britiſh hand, and engraven on a Britiſh coin: or that droll pun of the chimney-ſweeper, who coming to draw his wages of a certain right Revd. and who thought the money too much, becauſe earned in ſo ſhort a time.—— Pleaſe your Grace, ſays ſweep,——we *Black-coats* always get our money eaſily.

" The primæval Britons *muſt have certainly*

† They were very ſeldom glazed at all——but worked like our red tea-pots, but rather brighter coloured and better poliſhed——I ſpeak of the urns and beverage veſſels ——poſſibly they might glaze like as the coarſer ſort and the moſaic pavements.

Page 302. & 303. " uſed Coal.——The Britons *could not* have " remained unapriſed of the agreeable combuſ- " tible around them——The number of pieces " of Coal found under the road to Ribcheſter " were no leſs than 30 or 40: theſe *muſt* all " have been *derived from the ſame Quarry by the* " *ſame hands who lodged them on the ſpot.*"

This getting of Coals out of a Stone-quarry *muſt abſolutely* have puzzled all the coal-miners that ever worked at Newcaſtle: and is another curious ſtricture ſtruck out of the gloomy caverns of antiquity, by the pure fire of our author's genius: and which to his honour be it ſpoken, was never ſo much as dreamed of before: neither was it poſſible for any future antiquary to have diſcovered it!——But what ſecret is there ſo deep; what myſtery ſo profound, but the rays of his bright intellects can throw a light upon it! Had there been any thing in nature that could have put him to a nonplus, this getting coals in a quarry, and knowing that the very man who *derived all of them* from the quarry went, without looſing a minute of time, and laid them juſt on the ſpot where they were found, *muſt abſolutely* have puzzled him.

If any antiquarian genius in Europe can go a ſtep further, I will blow out my candle, ſlaſh my pen, and never dip another in ink again.

A few lines further he gives another ſtroke of his profound intellects, ſaying, " This ground " where theſe 30 or 40 bits of coal were found, " being in the immediate neighbourhood of Mancenion, the *Britons* had there *repoſited* a " quantity of coals for the uſe of the garriſon: " and many of the ſmaller pieces and ſome of " the ſlack (read ſleck) were *naturally buried* in " the ſoft ſand upon which they were laid."

Now

Now I wonder how his Reverence could tell but that the Romans had *repoſited* theſe 30 or 40 bits of coal there (two or three of which he ſays were as large as Hen eggs) and not the Britons! But his ſagacity knew at the firſt peep that the Britons had *repoſited* them there: and and not only ſo, but that they were intended for the uſe, not of a Roman, but of a Britiſh garriſon!

Ah——how happy ſhould I think myſelf, if I had ſuch an antiquarian noſe as this!——that can hunt ſuch minute particulars, on ſuch a cold ſcent; and after the hare had ſlipped by above 1400 years!

He goes on in the ſame page, "Coal *is cer-* "*tainly* not Saxon; and *is as certainly* Britiſh; "which *muſt* have been tranſmitted from the "Britons to the Saxons and us."

If I durſt argue againſt ſuch learning, penetration, and ſuch clenching aſſertions as theſe; I would flatly tell him that we had it *abſolutely* from the Saxon Col; and for this reaſon—— becauſe the Dutch have *Kol* in the ſame ſenſe to this day.——Hold, gentle reader.——I have thought better of it now:----for the Welſh tranſmitted it to the Dutch, as well as to the Saxons and us.------ Thus I knock under; but alas, every man cannot be infallible!

"As early as the year 852, a grant was made of ſome lands by the Abby of Peterborough, under the reverſion of certain boons and payments in kind to the Monaſtry; one night's entertainment; thirty ſhillings and one horſe; ten veſſels of Welch-ale; ſix hundred loaves; two Oxen ready killed; and two caſks of common ale; ſixty cart-loads of wood; and twelve graefan foſil or Pit-coal." Page 302.

For

For this our author quotes Dr. Richardſon's letter in Leland and Sax. Chro. but it is poſſible this may be taken in a wrong ſenſe; and that graefan foſil may not mean Pit coal, but the black heavy Turves, ſuch as are dug out of the bottom of the turf-pits in the Chat-moſs and other moſſes in England. In Lancaſhire, Yorkſhire, and other counties Graefe or Grave is ſtill retained, and means to dig or delve with ſpades, or ſhovels: and I preſume that coal, tho' a foſil, is not to be come at by delving with ſpades.-----So that graefant foſil means delved turf, as I think; and the Geard (or the Earth) mentioned in page 305 I take to mean what in ſome parts of Yorkſhire and Lancaſhire are denominated flaights, being the pairings, the the ſward, or thin clods of heathy, or mooriſh ground; or a mixture of ſoil and moſs. And the Saxons had Stheard in this ſenſe, meaning the outſide, pairings, or rhind of any thing; and from which many in the north have the word green-ſwarth, to the preſent time. Theſe are my conjectures, which I dare not clench with that antiquarian-hammer, IT MUST ABSOLUTELY BE SO.

Page 314. & 315. "The pounding of corn for bread continued "in uſe among the Romans till below the reign "of Veſpaſian."

I have beaten this buſh a little in my former remarks but give me leave to aſk:----Where is the man that would not think by this quotation his Reverence thought the Romans were ignorant of the method of grinding their corn with millſtones after the reign of Veſpaſian? Yet nothing is leſs ſo: for a few lines below he tells us, "Water-mills were pretty common "in Italy before the conqueſt of Lancaſhire.

Now

Now I preſume that one of theſe two affirmations *muſt abſolutely* be falſe: for Titus Veſpaſian died about the year 83, and the Romans pounded their corn after his time: but the Romans had Water-mills pretty common in Italy before the conqueſt of Lancaſhire, and that was conquered by Agricola in the year 79, ſo the concluſion is, the Romans pounded their bread-corn I know not how many years after water-mills were common amongſt them. Whether there be any probability or conſiſtency in this, I'll leave to the reader's reflection.

But to make the inconſiſtency more glaring his Reverence tells us,---"Both the Gauls and "the Britons appear to have been *familiarly* "acquainted with the uſe of hand-mills before "the period of their ſubmiſſion to the Romans" And moſt ſchool-boys know that Gaul was under the Roman yoke long before they conquered Britain.-----Yet theſe politic Romans pounded their corn below the reign of Veſpaſian! Nay, a little further, he makes his own aſſertions fly like puffs of wind; for, ſays he, "The uſe "of mill-ſtones was probably the invention of "the antediluvian world, and *was certainly* uſed "in ſome of the earlieſt ages after it."
Does not our hiſtorian here metamorphoſe this mighty people, theſe truly politic conquerors of the world into a nation of mere idiots; thus to make them prefer a mortar and peſtle, before the grinding *power* of *the mill-ſtones*? Further,

"For the diſcovery of the uſeful invention "of water-mills, the world is pretty certainly "indebted to the improving power of the "Roman genius."

If any reader whatever without the gift of inſpiration can find either truth or conſiſtency

in

in ſuch a labyrinth of words and confuſion of ſenſe, I *muſt abſolutely* ſubmit to his ſuperior intellects; for to me it appears a tool without a handle:——a mere gallimafry of inconſiſtencies——Nay, does not ſelf-contradictions ſtare in the face of the reader? For it was impoſſible that the world could be indebted to the Roman genius for the uſe of water-mills and mill-ſtones before any Roman exiſted; which was not till after the year of the world 3300 when their city was founded; and if the Romans invented them as his Reverence ſays they *pretty certainly* did; then how can he ſay that they were probably the invention of the antediluvian world: and *very certainly* uſed in the earlieſt ages after the flood; when 1644 years paſt after it, before one Roman had a being! Thus he rolls his mill-ſtones about and tells us, that they were not invented by the antediluvians, nor by thoſe of the earlieſt ages after the flood; nor yet by the Romans, for they pounded their corn after the reign of Veſpaſian: and yet they were firſt invented, and firſt uſed by all three!

Page 323. "The Conſort of Nero kept a train of 500 "milch aſſes in conſtant attendence upon her, "and had her bath conſtantly repleniſhed with "their milk."

Was not this Roman lady moſt pompouſly attended? What an equipage was here! What a gay, what a grand appearance ſhe would make at the head of ſuch a large number of long-eared drowzy chambermaids, or ladies of honour! What a begarly belle did the Greek and Latin poets make of the beautiful goddeſs of ſoft deſires, who allowed her but three waiting-maids, whilſt our author, with Pliny's aſſiſtance

is

is ſo generous as to allow Madam Octavia 500 graces to attend her? Not in their turns as in theſe our ſcrubby times, but conſtantly, and at all hours! What a notion muſt this give the conſiderate reader of the grandeur of the antients, and the magnificence of the Roman court, when this ſingle lady not only took 500 aſſes with her, but her baths alſo wherever ſhe went; and had more attendants than all the empreſſes and queens in Europe put together!

Here a ſort of a merry thought has ſtarted up, and I will try to make it viſible to the reader.———

For let us ſuppoſe that out of theſe 500 ſhe-aſſes, only 40 or 50, ſhould have taken it into their heads to have burſt out into one of their natural choruſſes-----What a uniſon of ſounds! What a melodious harmony muſt theſe Roman choriſters make!-----And ſuch choruſſes *muſt abſolutely* break forth now and then: either from pure whim (for I have ſeen a whimſical aſs) or from the thought of their foals. For tho' old Pliny ſhould affirm, and our author ſhould ſtart up and make affidavit in his cauſe, that theſe grave attendants; theſe rough-haired ladies of honor, durſt ſing without the empreſs's permiſſion, there is no perſon of common-ſenſe could or would believe them; but muſt be of Mr. Pope's mind, who I take to be a more competent judge of aſſes than either Pliny or his Reverence; who ſays in the 82d page of the Dunciad, that the milky-mothers will bray for their foals, and ſet the reſt within hearing, on braying too. But take his own beautiful lines.

'As when the long-ear'd milky-mothers wait
'At ſome ſick miſer's tripple-bolted gate,

'For

' For their defrauded abſent foals they make
' A moan ſo loud, that all the gild awake:

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

' In Tot'nam Fields, the brethren in amaze
' Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze

When I ſaid that few or none could or would believe but that aſſes would every now and then bray for their abſent foals, perhaps I ſhould have excepted ſome antiquaries, who ſeem capable of ſwallowing the pills of any quack; and that they believe theſe long eared choriſters duſt not warble one of their natural notes without leave: that our author believed this, is probable, from the ſerious and important manner in which he produces the quotation and from an author too, whoſe gueſs-work writings are ſo well known that I need not point out their character here. However, had this our hiſtorian been forced to have parted with one of theſe three, Richard the Monk, Oſſian, or Pliny, I think it would have puzzled him to have known, which to diſcard: and the dilema would have ſet him on ſcratching where he did not itch. Methinks the very thought would make him cry out——Ah----my poor hiſtory!——

Page 324. " The Bull-dog enjoys *equally* a ſagacity of " noſe and a bravery of ſpirit." In the next lines he thus proceeds: " This dog has a larger ſhare " of *true genuine* courage than any other animal " in the world."

Suppoſing that *true genuine* is not tautology, what will be the conſequence of theſe two aſſertions? For the Bull-dog has *a larger ſhare* of courage than any other animal, and his noſe is equal to it: the anſwer is very plain:---for the Bull-dog has *abſolutely* a better noſe than any other

other dog in the univerſe, and can hunt the ſtag, the hare, the otter, *&c. &c.* much better than any other hound or beagle in Europe!

What an idea muſt a ſenſible reader have of any hiſtorian who can aſſert ſuch things as theſe which are univerſally known to claſh with truth, experience, reaſon, and common-ſenſe.

Yet for all this, our hiſtorian could not be content with the above ſelf-evident inconſiſtencies, but daſhes on at the ſame rate, and quotes, and believes Strabo; who commends bull-dogs in general as incomparable dogs for the field.

Another auxilliary is Gratius; he wrote in the days of Auguſtus, and helps our author to metamorphoſe the bull-dog into a Tuſcan-hunter by ſaying

'O what great gains will certainly redound
'From a free traffic with the Britiſh hound!'

But Claudian is to ſpring the grand mine:---which muſt *abſolutely* blow all oppoſition to this argument (of hounds being bull-dogs) beyond the clouds, for he ſays,

'——— ——— the Britiſh hound
'Which wrings the *bull's big forehead* to the ground.'

In this point our author's *infallible judgement* is ſo pliable that it is warped or converted to a belief, that a bull-dog is the beſt hunter in the world; for his courage exceeds any other animal, and his noſe is equal to it: and the hound is the beſt of bull-dogs, as his ſtrength and courage can *wring the bull's big forehead to the ground.* This doctrine is ſo new and ſingularly curious, that it was never thought on, or mentioned by any Engliſh hiſtorian or antiquary before, *muſt certainly* entitle him to the honour

of a ſtatute in the grand ſaloon of the antiquarian ſociety.

But aftet all, perhaps the reader may aſk;--how comes it that all theſe authors ſhould concur to turn a Britiſh bull-dog into the beſt of hunters? I anſwer, that it is not ſo ſtrange or difficult a point for all theſe poets with an hiſtorian or two, as journey-men, to make one ſingle dog into a another of the ſame genius; as it was for a brother poet of their own, to metamorphoſe Cygnus into a ſwan, and all the ſiſters of Phaeton into poplar-trees!

But grant there are no truth, reaſon, or philoſophy in our author's quotations (the main ingredients in this hopeful hiſtory) the fault *muſt abſolutely* lie on the backs of theſe Roman writers; for our hiſtorian is ——hum—— ſackleſs Sam:——i. e. without fault——always in the right.

But ſhould his Reverence ſay, he was not ſpeaking of the Tuſcan-hunter, or hunting hound that thus pulled the bull's big forehead to the earth; but of the bull-dog mentioned the page before: then I ſay his caſe would be much like a fly in a cobweb, which the more it ſtruggles the faſter it is. For there he ſays, "The Romans exported the bull-dog from "Gaul for the uſes of hunting, and Strabo "commends them in general as incomparable "dogs for the field."

By what is gone we may fairly conclude, that neither Claudian, Strabo, Pliny or his Reverence knew much of the genius or ſpecies of dogs: or elſe our author's mode of expreſſion confounds my ideas; for the whole of what is here advanced, appears to be nonſenſe: and confirms my former aſſertion; that whenever his Reverence

rence mentions dogs, or hunting; inconſiſtency, with crooked and muddled phraſes are always coupled with them. So that here, let him turn which way ſoever he will, he is faſt in his own bird-lime; and it would prove an Herculean labour to extricate himſelf out of it; for in the 325th page, he metamorphoſes bull-dogs into hunters; and the next page hunting-hounds into bull-dogs.

Is this ſuch a deciſive way of writing that the argument carries every degree of conviction with it?——Does this hopeful work, here, open any dark entangled clue of hiſtory?——Is this illuſterating antiquities? does this aſcertain the doubtful?——retrench the falſe?——or clear up the obſcure——?

" The name of Blackley is derived from the " great woods which, at the period of the Sax- " on eſtabliſhment among us, lined the ſloping " ſides of the hills, and ranged along the nar- " row levels of vallies thro' the whole compaſs " of the townſhip. The Saxon bleak, black, " or blake, imports the deep gloom of a con- " ſiderable wood." Page 348.

Tho' this is an article which I have touched on before in my former remarks, I cannot omit here pointing out another inſtance, what ſlender regard this author pays to conſiſtency---; his own aſſertions---; or even to truth itſelf---; and the mean opinion he entertains of other men's capacities. For the proof of this, let the reader ſee his own notes in the 38th page, where he has the word *bleak* in quite a different ſenſe than he here explains it; and in the very ſenſe and derivation too, which I pleaded for. There he ſays, " And the human conſtitution as ſuch " *muſt* have naturally affected a ſoutherly poſi-

tion

" tion in the *cold bleak* and wooded ſtate of our " iſland at that period,"

Is not this another demonſtrative proof, that his Reverence is ſo buoyed up with the notion of his own infallibility, that he thinks he cannot err? And that whatever his pen puts down it is quite below him to reviſe, correct, or altar; tho' a contradiction ſtares him in the face? He thinks himſelf bleſt with the eyes of a lynx ---others with thoſe of bats and moles.---But alas he hewed out this prop to ſupport his notion, that Bleakley *was abſolutely* covered with wood at the arrival of the Saxons: ſo *bleak* muſt here mean, contrary to his own meaning (which was *cold*, *windy*, or *chilly*) the deep gloom of a conſiderable wood.

He drives on like Jehu, thus, " *Hence* we have " ſo many places diſtinguiſhed by this epithet " in England, where no circumſtances of ſoil, " and no particularities of water gave occaſion " to it. *Hence* we have the villages of Black- " burn, Blackrod, Blakeley, *&c.*"

But for all theſe *hences*, if no circumſtance of ſoil, or peculiarities of water gave reaſon for the former part of their names, their ſituations might; and in all probability did give occaſion for them. I know all the villages here mentioned, and they have all elevated ſituations; which of conſequence, from the nature of the elements makes them *bleak* or *cold*. Our noted hill Bleakſtone-edge I have found out lately to be ſo called from a great quantity of large rough ſtones which lie on the ſummit, or ridge; and are not called Blackſtones; but the heap is popularly called the *Bleak-ſtones*, and from which, this mountain ſeems plainly to derive its name. This hill therefore, and all the towns

towns above mentioned, ought to be written and pronounced *Bleakley*, *Bleak-rod* (or rather *road*) *Bleakſtone-edge &c.* †

"Beneath the Roman government did the "ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe upon the benighted "inhabitants of Lancaſhire. The religion of "an atoning Jeſus, was now proclaimed in the "ſtreets of Mancheſter, The religion of an "accepting Jehovah was now propoſed to the "inhabitants of Mancunium. And they were "called upon to turn away from that deep "night of ignorance, and to ſhake off thoſe "heavy chains of depravity in which they had "unhappily continued from their firſt ſettle-"ment among the woods, and moſſes of this "diſtrict." Page 393.

What a multiplicity of words---! what round about phraſes for the ſame thing, which might have been expreſſed in one ſingle line---! This is *abſolutely* proſe run mad.---For firſt the ſun of righteouſneſs aroſe in Lancaſhire (and before the name or thing exiſted, too) then it was proclaimed in Mancheſter ſtreets (before the houſes were built) Then it was propoſed to the inhabitants of Mancunium (I wonder by whom, at this early period) And laſt of all, called to ſhake off their heavy chains of depravity. O Milton, how thou groveleſt, like the ſerpent thou celebrateſt!

O Longinus----! How art thou over-ſhot in thy own bow! Hadſt thou but ſeen theſe new-faſhioned towering phraſes, wouldeſt thou not have burned thy mutilated tract on the ſublime——? Who that ever peruſed thee could imagine

† Poſſibly from the colour of the turf——*Blackley*, a black or heathy poſture, Blakeburn, a brook whoſe water may be black or tinctured with moſs.

imagine that this polite author ſhould take this frothy tautology---; this pathetic fuſtian, for a rill drawn from thy pure fountain!

Yet ſo it is——. This is the favourite---the delightful ſtring which is harped on thro' every part of this hiſtorical performance.----reader, I muſt leave it to thee----: make of it what thou pleaſes, for it is above my ken, that any man of ſenſe ſhould miſtake this ſtuff for ſublime writing.

Page 395. In this page we have another ſpecimen of this author's divinity: his words are, "If the "Deity had not known man to have fallen "from his original perfection, if heatheniſm "had not believed a taint of corruption to have "ſtained his original purity, the former *could* "*not poſſibly* have enjoined, and the latter *could* "*not poſſibly* have retained theſe particular ob- "ſervances at all."

I have omitted hitherto, and ſhall not much animadvert on his Reverence's flighty divinity: but this ſketch, if I underſtand him, is the quinteſſence of metaphiſical whims, and *abſolately* wants a litrle ſifting.----For here are two concluſions drawn from two ſuppoſitions; the firſt of which is a down-right impoſſibility;---- and the other, falſe in fact.

As to the firſt, it is impoſſible but that if Man fell, God muſt know it; and conſequently requires no ſort of ſuppoſition whatſoever. Nay it is a ſort of ſtupid blaſphemy to ſay *if God had not known Man to have fallen!* But to draw this concluſion from it, *that God could not poſſibly have enjoined Prieſts and Sacrifices* had he known of man's fall; is an aſſertion, if it contain any ſenſe, that would defile the mouth, and blacken the character of an atheiſt, if ever ſuch a

a creature exiſted! It is ſetting bounds to his power by the futile dreams of a fanciful bigot; it annihilates his omnipotency; and lays the Deity grovelling at the feet of his own creatures: ——it is an expreſſion, in my jndgement, more atrocious than ſaying——*There is no God.*

As to the ſecond affirmation, *That man could not poſſibly have retained theſe particular obſervances* (i. e. prieſts and ſacrifices) if they had not been ſenſible of the guilt of original ſin: if this be the meaning, as it muſt be if it have any; what a piece of incongruous deluſion would this Divine palm upon his readers, by making them believe that the Heathen world had knowledge of the Moſaïcal diſpenſation and fail----; that they believed themſelves tainted with original ſin. To this knowledge alone, he aſcribes the retention of Prieſts and Sacrifices among Heathen; at the ſame time it is well enough known, that none but two or three itinerant Heathen philoſophers had ſo much as in a whiſper, heard that a ſerpent had out-witted our firſt parents. Now what are theſe two or three philoſophers to all the millions of men who lived and died as ignorant of the Jewiſh tenet as the wild aſs on the mountains. Yet for all this their ignorance of the fall, a mode of ſacrificing was practiced, and immolations offered to different Deities after divers modes and cuſtoms.-----They retained deluding Prieſts and Prieſteſſes---: had their oracles: and offered execrable, as well as ridiculous ſacrifices to their reſpective gods in moſt parts of the then inhabited world; from the Mexican deity Vitzliputzli to the Chineſe god Fohè. Nay the Holy-land cannot be excepted; for ſome of theſe choſen people, paſſed their children thro'

fire

fire to Molock: and there are good reaſons to believe that not one tenth part of mankind believe themſelves to be the leaſt tainted, by Adam's taſting forbidden fruit, at this day.

Further, I preſume it would puzzle this ſagacious Divine to prove, that the ancient Jews believed, or the modern Jews ſtill believe our doctrine of original ſin: or ever expected any ſpiritual purification, ſatisfaction to be made, or their depraved nature reſtored by the coming of their long-expected Meſſiah.----Nay, ſo far wide from the truth is this Divinity of our author, about the univerſal knowledge of original ſin, that God's favourite people (if he had any) knew nothing of ſin in general any more than the Peruvians, till their Prieſt and Lawgiver pointed it out to them: for St. Paul himſelf tells us, '*I knew not Sin but by the Law.*' Rom. 5. 13. and 7. 7. 8. 9.

What now muſt become of this ſtrange doctrine, and theſe poſitive affirmations, *That God could not* poſſibly *have enjoined, nor the Heathen retained and practiced ſacrifices* had they not known and believed that a ſerpent was too cunning for, and cheated the firſt woman into perdition, by perſuading her to taſte of an apple; and that this woman by means of the ſame fruit, drew her huſband and all their poſterity into the ſame eternal damnation; tho' Adam at the ſame time was *abſolutely* the moſt wiſe and perfect of men!

In the ſame page his Reverence goes on thus; "The appointment of interceeding mini-
"ſters, and the inſtitution of conciliating ſa-
"crifices *muſt certainly* have been made on
"account of *and muſt as certainly* have pointed
"out in their obſervance *ſome fixed but eraſe-*
"*able*

" *able* principle of impurity in man, and ſome " *permanent but appeaſeable principle of anger in* " *God.*"

The meaning of the appointment of *interceding miniſters* is very plain; ſo that he who runs may read, and underſtand it too; as it ſmells of the *jure divino* power, and right of the Hierarchy; and has a ſmack alſo, of the Pope's tub of abſolutions, indulgences, and infallibility. But the words, *fixed but eraſable* principle of impurity in man; and ſome *permanent but appeaſeable principle of anger in God*, if there be any ſenſe at all in them, ſoar far beyond my underſtanding.

Fixed and *eraſeable* too——! a *permanent* but *apeaſeable* principle of *anger in God*——! How differently conſtructed are the brains of one man from another——! How various our opinions in ſome points——! Yet for all this, I preſume they who read this quotation will agree that the writer of it thought it ſenſible, ſound, and ſublime doctrine: but alas, my intellects are too blunt and grovelling to ſee theſe perfections——: or indeed any ſenſe or conſiſtency in it at all: for I ever thought till now that *fixed* and *eraſeable* had been heterogeneous principles or qualities: and that *permanent* had been ſynonymous with *durable*; and fixed as the hills. But alas my miſtake is glaring; for I find that *fixed* means *looſe*; and that *permanent* is any thing moveable and fleeting as the wind!

But thus it is——; and his Reverence is not the only divine who tears, as it were, the being and natural liberty of his own ſpecies to pieces; and robs the Deity of his attributes! meaſuring his infinite perfections by their own line and plummet: making him as weak as themſelves,

and ſubject to all our paſſions: for hear them and he is partial, hateful, changeable, angry, &c. Theſe I know are ſcriptural expreſſions, tho' vaſtly improper; but were adopted to the moſt ignorant and preverſe of all nations. But whatever vents ſuch ridiculous epithets; ſuch puerile doctrines either in his writings or pulpit ſhould be caſhiered from the ſacred function; as this mode of expreſſion is mean and ridiculous: it ſows the ſeeds of ignorance in weak minds; deſtroys thoſe ſublime notions we ought to entertain of the Deity; makes himſelf deſpicable by expoſing the meaneſs of his own ideas; hurts religion; and levels himſelf with thoſe ignorant enthuſiaſts the Methodiſts; or thoſe ſeven-fold-blinded members of the *Unitas Fratrum* of the Germans.

Page 410. In this page the hiſtorian makes a ſmall geographical blunder; for he confounds Buchanneſs with Kinnard's-head as if they were one place; when they are two ſmall promontories in Scotland, and above ten miles aſſunder.

430. In this ſection of eighteen pages it very diverting to ſee how ſeriouſly buſy his Reverence is in peopling Ireland with the Belgae, the Lancaſhire Siſtuntians, and others: how and what parts the different tribes poſeſſed; and with much particularity too, as if he had been planting cabbages in ſquares. What battles were fought between the Belgae, and the North-britiſh Scots: till at at laſt Cairbar king of the Belgae, with his brother Cathmore, proved victorious, and took poſſeſſion of the whole country.

The ſmiles of fortune glanced not long on the Belgae: for that mighty monarch!——That ſovereign of Selma——! That heroic Caledo-

nian

nian Pendragon, Fingal, who poſſeſſed thoſe wide extended regions that ſpread along the coaſts of Argyle, Lorn, and Lochaber, went with his brown ſon of Luno (alias a ſword) a ſecond time to the aſſiſtance of the Iriſh-Scots "thoſe deſcendents of the race of his fathers." Two terrible battles were fought! In the firſt the Caledonian *Pendragon* ſlew Cairbar the Belgic monarch: and in the ſecond the ſame hero not only killed Cathmore their general, but every ſoldier under his command! Not one of the heroic Belgae left——! None to run away ----! None to hear-----! Not one to ſtrike the boſſy Shield-----!

I ſay, it is not only diverting but ſurprizing to me that a gentleman who profeſſes to be an inſtructive and ſolid hiſtorian, can write ſuch wild trumpery; ſuch a number of more than dubious particulars, that happened above 1500 years ago; and build the facts chiefly upon ſuch a bubbling quickſand, ſo quaggy a foundation as the Caledonian poet, Oſſian, and and Richard the Monk!

But as the greateſt part of this new-ſprung hopeful work, is not above the capacity of common readers to judge of its authenticity in general; ſo common-ſenſe loudly tells them, that hiſtory ought not to ſtand on vague, dubious, and tottering props. And they cannot but ſee that this hiſtorical ſtructure rears its pompous creſt chiefly on the *confeſſedly* erroneous account of the Weſtminſter monk, and the fagg-end of traditionary fictions of an old Caledonian poet, that in all probability never exiſted.

But ſuppoſing there had been ſuch perſons as Oſſian and Richard; yet to lay the main weight of hiſtorical facts on the flighty fabulous

expreſſions

expreſſions of a doting enthuſiaſtical poet, and the fanciful writings of an ignorant monk, is leveling ſuch hiſtorian's judgement with thoſe old women and children who believe the fire-ſide-tales of witches ſuckling demons----: creeping thro' key-holes: and riding thro the air on broom-ſticks.

Here then ſtarts up a dilemma---; yet his readers muſt neceſſarily adopt one of theſe two opinions---: either his Reverence believed, as real facts what he wrote from theſe poetical dark hints of Oſſian and Richard's itinerary; or, that he thought them the tail-ends of old Romances.

If he thought them the firſt---; then I aſk, what cannot an antiquary ſwallow?

But if he took them for poetical fictions; what muſt we think of thoſe virtues that ſhould adorn a preacher of righteouſneſs, his honeſty, and veracity in particular, for palming ſuch muſty ſtuff for antique truths on his countrymen in general, and his Mancunian friends in particular?

Page 437. In this page his Reverence ſtruts in theſe words,---"This appellation of Gaelic, or Gallic, "which extended over all our iſlands, and over "a conſiderable portion of the continent has "been *frequently explained* by the critics both "at home and abroad, *but ſtill lies hidden* in its "own original obſcurity."

This is either a palpable contradiction, or a ſurpriſingly new-faſhioned way of expreſſion! For the word Gaelic has been often made plain and intelligible both by Engliſh and foreign authors: yet it ſtill lies hid and unknown in its firſt original obſcurity——!

If there be either ſenſe or truth in this, my brains

brain, or our author's intellects are ſtrangely muddled——!

" The period was now haſtily approaching
" in which the Divinity, who had already con- Page
" verted to chriſtianity all the nations that lay 460.
" within the pale of the Roman empire, deſign-
" ed to bring the uncivilized nations of Europe
" into the one, in order to convert them to
" the other."

The period he here means, I take to be about the year 449; and near 40 years after the Romans had deſerted our iſland. Let us now ſee how this quotation coincides with what he ſays in the fifth page of his concluſion: his words run, or rather fly, thus

" But a new ſcene of ſorrow ariſes. A new
" invaſion is meditated from the continent. A
" tribe of idolatrous Savages is haſtening from
" the ſhores of Germany. Ruin marks their
" advance. Ignorance, incivility and barba-
" rity attend upon them. And the fall of
" Mancheſter approaches."

By the ſpecimens in my preceeding remarks, and this my laſt quotation the reader may plainly ſee this reverend hiſtorian takes pathetic tautological fuſtian for ſublimity of ſtyle; without ever ſurmiſing that theſe lofty ſchool-boy expreſſions are ſo cold, that the reader ſtarves with looking on them.

If this author ever read Longinus, he utterly deſpiſes him: for this fine writer (who flouriſhed at Athens in the latter end of the ſecond century) tells us ' Bombaſt or tumor is as vicious ' in writing as in the body. The outſide is ' nothing but appearance and deceit, the inſide ' all vacancy and emptineſs, and has a quite ' different effect from the ſublime; and then

quotes

'quotes this proverb, What is more dry than 'a dropſical perſon?'

This doubling and trebling of ſentences this pathetic ſtraining (tho' the crown-wheel of our author's ſtyle) is not ſublimity: it is rather a raging madneſs thus to be tranſported into theſe vapory regions; eſpecially when the ſubject requires no more than a little warmth.

But to purſue our remarks on the two laſt mentioned quotations. Let us admit that Ruſſia, Poland, and the countries eaſt of the Oder were not conquered by the Romans: yet I hope his Reverence will not deny but that the more weſtern parts of Germany from the meridian of Frankfort on the Oder were conquered by them; and ſo within their pale; and conſequently, *muſt abſolutely*, according to his own affirmation, be Chriſtians. And Dion Caſſ. tells us, page 237, that Severus on his going to Rome to claim the empire, had brought under his ſubjection all the ſtrong places in Europe, except Byzantium. And before, in page 164, that the Emperor Marcus Antoninus had conquered, or ſubjected the Jazygians and Marcomans.

Now here it happens ſo unluckily, or his Reverence is ſo ill-natured, that he will not ſuffer thoſe barbarians, our Saxon anceſtors, to be either in, or out of the Roman pale. *Out* they could not be, becauſe the Dutchies of Sleſwick, Holſtein, with the neighbouring diſtricts were conquered by the Romans long before this period, and ſo within their pale; and, he tells us, were converted to chriſtianity by the Divinity. And *In*, they could not be; for the Divinity had not converted them, as all were within the Roman pale: for our author tells

tells us, they were a tribe of idolatrous, ignorant, and barbarous ſavages.

Good and patient reader---; in ſuch a dilemma as this when the ſcales of common-ſenſe are faſt in the center, and cannot turn either way, what muſt thou and I believe? But give me leave to turn prieſt, according to the order of Athanaſius for once, and tell thee to believe, what I cannot poſſibly believe myſelf; believe both-ways——: i. e. believe they were neither in, nor out of the Roman pale——: that they were not converted into good and ſober Chriſtians: but were wicked, idolatrous barbarians at the ſame time; and then thou art ſure to be in the right. But if thy queaſy ſtomach will not digeſt, or ſuffer theſe contradictions to ſlip down, I will not ſay, THOU SHALT PERISH EVERLASTINGLY; but, GO THY WAY, LAUGH AND BE FAT.

FINIS.

MILNROW, Jan. 1773.

N. B. In p. 2. l. 23. the ſentence "he could alſo ſee by the marks of the pick-axes that the ſcarping was Britiſh, p. 22." by miſtake is inſerted as a quotation from the hiſtory of Mancheſter; whereas it is intended as an explanatory note.